The Independent.

"But as we were allowed of God to be put in Trust with the Gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing Men but God, which tristh our Hearts."

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The Independent.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND:

A STORY OF THE COAST OF MAINE.*

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

CHAPTER XII.

OCTOBER is come, and among the black glooms of the pine forests flare out the scarlet branches of the rock-maple, and the beech-groves are all arrayed in gold, through which the sunlight streams in suborned richness. October is come with long, bright, hazy days, swathing in purple mists the rainbow brightness of the forests, and blending the otherwise gaudy and flaunting colors into wondrous harmonies of splendor. And Moses Pennel's ship is all built and ready, waiting only a favorable day for her launching.

And just at this moment Moses is sauntering home from Captain Kittridge's in company with Sally, for Mara has sent him to bring her to tea with them. Moses is in high spirits; everything has succeeded to his wishes; and as the two walk along the high, bold, rocky shore, his eye glances out to the open ocean, where the sun is setting, and the fresh wind blowing, and the white sails flying, and already fancies himself a sea-king, commanding his own palace, and going from land to land.

"There hasn't been a more beautiful ship built here these twenty years," he says, in triumph.

"Oho, Mr. Conceit," said Sally, "that's only because its yours now—your geese are all swans. I wish you could have seen the Typhoon, that Ben Drummond sailed in—a real handsome fellow he was. What a pity there ar'n't more like him!"

"I don't enter on the merits of Ben Drummond's beauty," said Moses; "but I don't believe the Typhoon was one whit superior to our ship. Besides, Miss Sally, I thought you were going to take it under your especial patronage, and let me honor it with your name."

"How absurd you always will be talking about that—why don't you call it after Mara?"

"After Mara?" said Moses. "I don't want to—it wouldn't be appropriate—one wants a different kind of girl to name a ship after—something bold, and bright, and dashing!"

"Thank you, sir, but I prefer not to have my bold and dashing qualities immortalized in this way," said Sally; "besides, sir, how do I know that you wouldn't run me on a rock the very first thing? When I give my name to a ship, it must have an experienced commander," she added, maliciously, for she knew that Moses was specially vulnerable on this point.

"As you please," said Moses, with hightened color. "Allow me to remark that he who shall ever undertake to command the 'Sally Kittridge' will have need of all his experience—and then, perhaps, not be able to know the ways of the craft."

"See him now," said Sally, with a malicious laugh; "we are getting wrathy, are we?"

"Not I," said Moses; "it would cost altogether too much exertion to get angry at every teasing thing you choose to say, Miss Sally. By-and-by I shall be gone, and then won't your conscience trouble you?"

"My conscience is all easy, so far as you are concerned, sir; your self-esteem is too deep-rooted to suffer much from my poor little nips—they produce no more impression than a cat-bird pecking at the cones of that spruce-tree yonder. Now don't you put your hand where your heart is supposed to be—there's nobody at home there, you know. There's Mara coming to meet us;" and Sally bounded forward to meet Mara with all those demonstrations of extreme delight which young girls are fond of showering on each other.

"It's such a beautiful evening," said Mara, "and we are all in such good spirits about Moses' ship, and I told him you must come down and hold counsel with us as to what was to be done about the launching—and the name, you know, that is to be decided on—are you going to let it be called after you?"

"Not I, indeed. I should always be reading in the papers of horrible accidents that had happened to the Sally Kittridge."

"Sally has so set her heart on my being unlucky," said Moses, "that I believe if I make a prosperous voyage, the disappointment would injure her health."

"She doesn't mean what she says," said Mara; "and I think there are some objections in a young lady's name being given to a ship."

"Then I suppose, Mara," said Moses, "that you would not have yours either?"

"I would be glad to accommodate you in anything *but* that," said Mara, quietly; but she added, "Why need the ship be named for anybody? A ship is such a beautiful, graceful thing, it should have a fancy name."

"Well, suggest one," said Moses.

"Don't you remember," said Mara, "one Saturday afternoon, when you and I and Sally launched your little ship down in the cove after you had come home from your first voyage at the Banks."

"I do," said Sally. "We called that the Ariel, Mara, after that old torn play you was so fond of. That's a pretty name for a ship."

"Why not take that?" said Mara.

"I bow to the decree," said Moses. "The Ariel it shall be."

"Yes; and you remember," said Sally, "Mr. Moses here promised at that time that he would build a ship, and take us two round the world with him."

Moses' eyes fell upon Mara as Sally said these words with a sort of sudden earnestness of expression which struck her. He was really feeling very much about something, under all the bantering disguise of his demeanor, she said to herself. Could it be that he felt unhappy about his prospects with Sally? That careless liveliness of hers might wound him perhaps now, when he felt that he was soon to leave her.

Mara was conscious herself of a deep undercurrent of sadness as the time approached for the ship to sail that should carry Moses from her, and she could not but think some such feeling must possess her mind. In vain she looked into Sally's great Spanish eyes for any signs of a lurking softness or tenderness concealed under her sparkling vivacity. Sally's eyes were admirable windows of exactly the right size and color for an earnest, tender spirit to look out of, but just now there was nobody at the casement but a slippery elf peering out in tricksy defiance.

When the three arrived at the house tea was waiting on the table for them. Mara fancied that Moses looked sad and preoccupied as they sat down to the tea-table, which Mrs. Pennel had set forth festively, with the best china and the finest table-cloth and the choicest sweetmeats. In fact, Moses did feel that sort of tumult and upheaving of the soul which a young man experiences when the great crisis comes which is to plunge him into the struggles of manhood. It is a time when he wants sympathy and is grated upon by uncomprehending merriment, and therefore his answers to Sally grew brief and even harsh at times, and Mara sometimes perceived him looking at herself with a singular fixedness of expression, though he withdrew his eyes whenever she turned hers to look on him. Like many another little woman, she had fixed a theory about her friends, into which she was steadily interweaving all the facts she saw. Sally *must* love Moses, because she had known her from childhood as a good and affectionate girl, and it was impossible that she could have been going on with Moses as she had for the last six months without loving him. She must evidently have seen that he cared for her; and in how many ways had she shown that she liked his society and him! But then evidently she did not understand him, and Mara felt a little womanly self-pluming on the thought that *she* knew him so much better. She was resolved that she would talk with Sally about it, and show her that she was disappointing Moses and hurting his feelings. Yes, she said to herself, Sally has a kind heart, and her coquettish desire to conceal from him the extent of her affection ought now to give way to the outspoken tenderness of real love.

So Mara pressed Sally with the old-times request to stay and sleep with her; for these two, the only young girls in so lonely a neighborhood, had no means of excitement or dissipation beyond this occasional sleeping together—by which is meant, of course, lying awake all night talking.

When they were alone together in their chamber, Sally let down her long black hair, and stood with her back to Mara brushing it. Mara sat looking out of the window, where the moon was making a wide sheet of silver-sparkling water. Everything was so quiet that the restless dash of the tide could be plainly heard. Sally was rattling away with her usual gayety.

"And so the launching is to come off next Thursday. What shall you wear?"

"I'm sure I haven't thought," said Mara.

"Well, I shall try and finish my blue merino for the occasion. What fun it will be! I never was on a ship when it was launched, and I think it will be something perfectly splendid!"

"But doesn't it sometimes seem sad to think that after all this Moses will leave us to be gone so long?"

"What do I care?" said Sally, tossing back her long hair as she brushed it, and then stopping to examine one of her eye-lashes.

"Sally dear, you often speak in that way," said Mara, "but really and seriously, you do yourself great injustice. You could not certainly have been going on as you have these six months past with a man you did not care for."

"Well, I *do* care for him, 'sort o','" said Sally; "but is that any reason I should break my heart for his going?—that's too much for any man."

"But, Sally, you *must* know that Moses loves you."

"I'm not so sure," said Sally, freakishly tossing her head and laughing.

"If he did not," said Mara, "why has he sought you so much, and taken every opportunity to be with you? I'm sure I've been left here alone hour after hour, when my only comfort was that it was because my two best friends loved each other, as I know they must some time love some one better than they do me."

The most practiced self-control must fail some time, and Mara's voice faltered on these last words, and she put her hands over her eyes. Sally turned quickly and looked at her, then giving her hair a sudden fold round her shoulders, and running to her friend, she kneeled down on the floor by her, and put her arms round her waist, and looked up into her face with an air of more gravity than she commonly used.

"Now, Mara, what a wicked, inconsistent fool I have been! *Did* you feel lonesome?—*did* you care? I ought to have seen that; but I'm selfish, I love admiration, and I love to have some one to flatter me, and run after me; and so I've been going on and on in this silly way. But I didn't know you cared—indeed, I didn't—you are such a deep little thing. Nobody can ever tell what you feel. I never shall forgive myself if you have been lonesome, for you are worth five hundred times as much as I am. You really do love Moses. I don't."

"I do love him as a dear brother," said Mara.

"Dear fiddlestick," said Sally. "Love is love; and when a person loves all they can, it isn't much use to talk so. I've been a wicked sinner, *that* I have. Love? Do you suppose *I* would bear with Moses Pennel all his ins and outs and up and downs, and be always putting him before myself in everything, as you do? No, I couldn't; I haven't it in me; but you have. He's a sinner, too, and deserves to get me for a wife. But, Mara, I have tormented him well—there's some comfort in that."

"It's no comfort to me," said Mara. "I see his heart is set on you—the happiness of his life depends on you—and that he is pained and hurt when you give him only cold, trifling words when he needs real true love. It is a serious thing, dear, to have a strong man set his whole heart on you. It will do him a great good or a great evil, and you ought not to make light of it."

"Oh, pshaw, Mara, you don't know these fellows; they are only playing games with us. If they once catch us, they have no mercy; and for one here's a child that isn't going to be caught. I can see plain enough that Moses Pennel has been trying to get me in love with him, but he doesn't love me. No, he doesn't," said Sally, reflectively. "He only wants to make a conquest of me, and I'm just the same. I want to make a conquest of him—at least I have been wanting to—but now I see it's a false, wicked kind of way to do as we've been doing."

"And is it really possible, Sally, that you don't love him?" said Mara, her large, serious eyes looking into Sally's. "What! be with him so much—seem to like him so much—look at him as I have seen you do—and not love him?"

"I can't help my eyes; they will look so," said Sally, hiding her face in Mara's lap with a sort of coquettish consciousness. "I tell you I've been silly and wicked; but he's just the same exactly."

"And you have worn his ring all summer?"

"Yes, and he has worn mine; and I have a lock of his hair, and he has a lock of mine; yet I don't believe he cares for them a bit. Oh, his heart is safe enough. If he has any, it isn't with me: that I know."

"But if you found it were, Sally? Suppose you found that, after all, you were the one love and hope of his life; that all he was doing and thinking was for you; that he was laboring, and toiling, and leaving home, so that he might some day offer you a heart and home, and be your best friend for life? Perhaps he dares not tell you how he really does feel."

"It's no such thing! it's no such thing!" said Sally, lifting up her head, with her eyes full of tears, which she dashed angrily away. "What am I crying for? I hate him. I'm glad he's going away. Lately it has been such a trouble to me to have things go on so. I'm really getting to dislike him. *You* are the one he ought to love. Perhaps all this time you are the one he *does* love," said Sally, with a sudden energy, as if a new thought had dawned in her mind.

"Oh, no; he does not even love me as he once did, when we were children," said Mara. "He is so shut up in himself, so reserved, I know nothing about what passes in his heart."

"No more does anybody," said Sally. "Moses Pennel isn't one that says and does things straightforward because he feels so; but he says and does them to see what *you* will do. That's his way. Nobody knows why he has been going on with me as he has. He has his own reasons, doubtless, as I have had mine."

"He has admired you very much, Sally," said Mara, "and praised you to me very warmly. He thinks you are so handsome. I could tell you over so many things he has said about you. He knows as I do that you are a more enterprising, practical sort of body than I am, too. Everybody thinks you are engaged. I have heard it spoken of everywhere."

"Everybody is mistaken, then, as usual," said Sally. "Perhaps Aunt Roxy was in the right of it when she said that Moses would never be in love with anybody but himself."

"Aunt Roxy has always been prejudiced and unjust to Moses," said Mara, her cheeks flushing. "She never liked him from a child, and she never can be made to see anything good in him. I know that he has a deep heart—a nature that craves affection and sympathy; and it is only because he is so sensitive that he is so reserved and conceals his feelings so much. He has a noble, kind heart, and I believe he truly loves you, Sally; it must be so."

Sally rose from the floor and went on arranging her hair, without speaking. Something seemed to disturb her mind. She bit her lip, and threw down the brush and comb violently. In the clear depths of the little square of looking-glass a face looked into hers, whose eyes were perturbed as if with the shadows of some coming inward storm; the black brows were knit, and the lips quivered. She drew a long breath and burst out into a loud laugh.

"What *are* you laughing at now?" said Mara, who stood in her white night-dress by the window, with her hair falling in golden waves about her face.

"Oh, because these fellows are so funny," said Sally; "it's such fun to see their actions. Come now," she added, turning to Mara, "don't look so grave and sanctified. It's better to laugh than cry about things, any time. It's a great deal better to be made hard-hearted like me, and not care for anybody, than to be like you, for instance. The idea of any one's being in love is the drollest thing to me. I haven't the least idea how it feels. I wonder if I ever shall be in love!"

"It will come to you in its time, Sally."

"Oh yes—I suppose like the chicken-pox or the whooping-cough," said Sally; "one of the things to be gone through with, and rather disagreeable while it lasts—so I hope to put it off as long as possible."

"Well, come," said Mara, "we must not sit up all night."

After the two girls were nestled into bed and the light out, instead of the brisk chatter there fell a great silence between them.

The full round moon cast the reflection of the window on the white bed, and the ever restless moan of the sea became more audible in the fixed stillness. The two faces, both young and fair, yet so different in their expression, lay each still on its pillow—their wide-open eyes gleaming out in the shadow like mystical gems. Each was breathing softly, as if afraid of disturbing the other. At last Sally gave an impatient movement.

"How lonesome the sea sounds in the night," she said. "I wish it would ever be still."

"I like to hear it," said Mara. "When I was in Boston, for a while I thought I could not sleep, I used to miss it so much."

There was another silence, which lasted so long that each girl thought the other asleep, and moved softly, but at a restless movement from Sally, Mara spoke again.

"Sally—you asleep?"

"No—I thought you were."

"I wanted to ask you," said Mara, "did Moses ever say anything to you about *me*?—you know I told you how much he said about you."

"Yes; he asked me once if you were engaged to Mr. Adams."

"And what did you tell him?" said Mara, with increasing interest.

"Well, I only plagued him. I sometimes made him think you were and sometimes that you were not; and then again, that there was a deep mystery in hand. But I praised and glorified Mr. Adams, and told him what a splendid match it would be, and put on any little bits of embroidery here and there that I could lay hands on. I used to make him sulky and gloomy for a whole evening sometimes. In that way it was one of the best weapons I had."

"Sally, what *does* make you love to tease people so?" said Mara.

"Why, you know the hymn says—

> 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For God hath made them so;
> Let bears and lions growl and fight,
> For 'tis their nature too.'

That's all the account I can give of it."

"But," said Mara, "I never can rest easy a moment when I see I am making a person uncomfortable."

"Well, I don't tease anybody but the men. I don't tease father or mother or you—but men are fair game; they are such thumby, blundering creatures, and we can confuse them so."

"Take care, Sally, it's playing with edge tools: you may lose your heart some day in this kind of game."

"Never you fear," said Sally; "but ar'n't you sleepy?—let's go to sleep."

Both girls turned their faces resolutely in opposite directions, and remained for an hour with their large eyes looking out into the moonlit chamber, like the fixed stars over Harpswell Bay. At last sleep drew softly down the fringy curtains.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Entered according to Act of Congress, by Joseph H. Richards, in the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE INTERFERING IN BEHALF OF THE REBELS.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THAT Great Britain and France, with the possible co-operation of Spain, are about to intermeddle in our domestic struggle in behalf of the Pro-Slavery Rebellion, is rendered morally certain by the advices of last week. In fact, it is certain that they have already done so. The *Moniteur* (official organ of the French Government) has a letter from London on the stone blockade of Charleston harbor, in which that measure is characterized in terms which no government of a civilized state permits itself to use toward a Power with which it desires to remain at peace. *The Times*, *The Morning Post*, and other leading journals in intimate relations with the present British Ministry, denounce the blockade in terms equally unmeasured. "Barbarity," "destruction," "atrocity"—such are a few of the choice epithets applied to the sinking of vessels laden with stone upon the bar at the mouth of the harbor which incloses Fort Sumter. Each of them assumes as unquestionable that the port is for ever obstructed and ruined, and that such was the object of the stone blockade. Yet the truth is very different from this. A harbor through which two considerable rivers pour their waters into the ocean can no more be shut up by sinking fifteen or twenty old hulks on the bar at its mouth than the waters of Niagara could be permanently retained by a dam across the Falls. Indeed, the sinking of obstructions on its bar is far more likely to increase the depth of water available for ingress and egress in time of peace than to diminish it. What the stone blockade does effect—what it was doubtless intended to effect—is the prevention of further running in and out clandestinely, under the cover of dense fog or extreme darkness, by craft intent on evading the vigilance of our blockading squadron. It was thus that the Theodora ran out one dark night, carrying Mason, Slidell, their secretaries and families, and passing, with every light hidden, every sound muffled, under the guns of our fleet. Thus a dozen valuable cargoes have been smuggled in during the last six months. This game is now effectually stopped; and the journals that have been clamorous for the breaking of the blockade as inefficient and a sham, are now still more clamorous for a like interference because that blockade has been rendered entirely too rigorous and impregnable.

Charleston is to-day, in the contemplation of law and justice, a port of the United States. Great Britain, France, and Spain, have each a consul there accredited to and recognized by the Federal Government, and which neither has yet seen fit to accredit to the rival concern of Jefferson Davis. Suppose, then, the rebellion had not broken out, yet that our Government had chosen, for reasons sufficient in its own eyes, to absolutely close the port of Charleston, forbidding all vessels to enter it evermore: would France, or England, or both together, have ventured to protest against such a step? Let us not deceive ourselves. The protest which the British journals say Earl Russell has already entered in this case *is* intervention in our domestic quarrel, and is to be followed by other acts of similar tenor but of still graver import. The feudal aristocrats and military despots of the Old World have too long been forced to endure the existence of a powerful and prosperous republic across the Atlantic. That existence is to their subjects a reproach, to themselves a danger, from which they are determined to be delivered. Having waited until weary and despondent for the rebels of their own strength to vanquish the Union, they are about to initiate measures of active and unequivocal intervention.

When *The Times* declares the stone blockade atrocious and unprecedented, *The News* points to the effort of Great Britain in 1804 to obstruct in like manner the harbor of Boulogne. Yes, says *The Morning Post*, we *did* try to ruin Boulogne, but that was "a harbor widened and defended for the express purpose of the conquest and subjugation of England." Indeed! And has not Charleston been used, to the utmost possible extent, for the importation of arms and military supplies expressly intended to divide and destroy the United States? Where is the essential difference?

But the case of Boulogne does not stand alone. In 1807, the city and port of Alexandria were evacuated by a British fleet and land force; on which occasion five stone-laden vessels were sunk in the narrow passage by which the port is entered, with intent to destroy it—an intent frustrated by the action of waves and currents, as nearly or quite every such attempt must be; but that does not affect its moral character. It is said that there are still remains of a wall built nearly across the harbor of Rochelle, when that city was the stronghold of militant Protestantism in France, and as such besieged by Louis XIV. The wisdom, the humanity, of any such attempt to obstruct a harbor may be questioned; but the intervention of a foreign power to arrest it can only be justified by assumptions which involve the last extremity of insult and humiliation.

A striking illustration of the spirit in which this and kindred pretexts are to be used to cover intervention in aid of the Slaveholders' Rebellion has been afforded by the London press. *The Morning Post* is the Whig aristocratic organ which is understood to enjoy the benefit of Lord Palmerston's special and confidential revelations. On the 19th of December, as was whispered on the Stock Exchange, Mr. C. Francis Adams, our Embassador in London, received a dispatch from Gov. Seward, which he proceeded the next morning to read to Earl Russell, in order to assure the British Government of the pacific disposition of our own. On the 21st (next day) *The Morning Post* made a statement which seemed and was understood to be semi-official, relative to that alleged dispatch. We present the material portion of the dispatch actually read by Mr. Adams to Earl Russell parallel with *The Post's* contradiction:

Seward to Adams:

"It is proper, however, that you should know one fact in this case, which is indicating that we attach importance to it—namely, that in a vessel of Messrs. Mason and Slidell on board a British vessel. *Capt. Wilkes having acted without any instruction from the Government, the subject is, therefore, free from the embarrassment which might have resulted if the act had been specially directed by us.* I trust that the British Government will consider the subject in a friendly temper, and *it may expect the best dispositions on the part of this Government.* Although this is a confidential note, I shall not object to your reading it to Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston, if you deem it expedient."

The Morning Post thereon:

"People whispered yesterday, and then said openly, that the American Government would write to disavow the act of Capt. Wilkes, that Mr. Lincoln was ready to apologize, and that the whole difficulty was settled. We are sorry to have to dissipate these too easily raised illusions. They are quite ungrounded; for, if we are not misinformed, the dispatch in question *does not in any way whatever refer to the outrage on our mail steamer.* It does only with some of the current business between the two Governments."

—It is hardly possible that any should fail to see that here was a flagrant and wicked deception practiced on the British public by some one interested in keeping up the delusion which had already been studiously propagated, that Gov. Seward had deliberately resolved to plunge this country into a war with Great Britain in order to find therein excuse and opportunity for an arrangement with the Southern rebels. To have stated fairly the substance of his dispatch above given, which had been read to Earl Russell by Mr. Adams, would have compelled a suspension of the Military and Naval preparations, then so vigorously and ostentatiously prosecuted, and have dispelled the prevalent British notion that nothing short of an imposing display of British troops in Canada and British ships-of-war off our coast would induce our Government to do justice in the case of Mason and Slidell. The dispatch of war-ships and regiments to Halifax and Canada was then in full career: to let the truth be known must have arrested it or rendered it a transparent imposture. Hence the resort to such averments as that above quoted from *The Post* to keep up the misapprehension and the consequent popular indignation to the last possible moment.

It is possible that there are politicians in Great Britain and parasites in France who fancy that the conduct of their respective Governments with regard to the Slaveholders' Rebellion has been consistent with fairness and the mutual obligations of friendly Powers; but if so there will be few to share their illusion. The position of our Government and its upholders has been such as fairly entitled them to the admiration and active sympathy of every Christian, every advocate of Civil Liberty, throughout the world. The rebellion against which we are struggling had no other incitement than the determination of Three Hundred Thousand slaveholders to rule and wield for their own supposed benefit the energies of Twenty Millions of Freemen. It had no other excuse than the refusal of those freemen to be used for the further diffusion and aggrandizement of Human Bondage. The flight of arrows in battle, it is said, has been at times so thick as to obscure the light of day; but no multiplication and iteration of falsehoods can shake the stubborn truth that the election of Lincoln and Hamlin on the ground of repugnance to Slavery Extension, was the only reason for Secession in 1860–61 which had not been equally existent and potent throughout the last thirty years. The pretense that the Morrill Tariff had something to do with this revolt, is demolished by the indisputable fact that the Morrill Tariff not only had not been enacted when the revolt broke out, but *could not* have been enacted had the Southern Members chosen to remain in Congress and vote against it. The fable of the wolf at the stream fixing a quarrel on the lamb drinking below him for muddying the water, had never a more exact exemplification. The Slave-Power, because the People of the Free States refuse their assent to the further Extension of Slavery, decrees the dissolution of our Union, the destruction of our National existence; and France and England, believing such dissolution would enable them to play off one fragment of the fallen fabric against another, and virtually reduce their slaveholding *protegé* to that condition of colonial dependence from which Northern blood and Northern treasure emancipated it, are eagerly aiding its efforts. So History will say, no matter what sophistries and juggles may for the moment be devised to hide the ugly truth. The Queen's Proclamation of neutrality between the rebels and the Union, issued with indecent haste on the heel of the fall of Sumter, was intended to favor the insurgents, and was so interpreted by them. Where the inhibitions of that document were found in conflict with the interests and wishes of the rebels, in the case of the Trent, they were treated by their authors as so much waste paper. Capt. Wilkes's seizure of the Confederate emissaries was suffered to be represented to and understood by the British people as an act of deliberate and plotted indignity to Great Britain for weeks after her Minister for Foreign Affairs was officially assured that it was no such thing. The surrender of Mason and Slidell was demanded in terms courteous in form but harsh and peremptory in essence. They were nevertheless given up. Now serious fault is found by the British journals that they were not given up before they were demanded! Then the Stone Blockade is denounced; and finally, the recognition of the rebel Government, with an allied attempt to extort a like recognition from us, apprise us that the European branch of this conspiracy against the Union and the Rights of Man approaches the era of development. In a little while—unless paralyzed by fresh and decisive Union victories—the *Moniteur* and *The Times* will announce the recognition of the Confederate Government, and that the breaking of the Southern blockade is under serious consideration.

Let us devoutly thank God that He is the arbiter of National destinies, and not Louis Napoleon nor Lord Palmerston. Sustained by His favor, the American Republic will yet baffle and confound its enemies. Let us work and wait.

OUR WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, January 29, 1862.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

Rev. Samuel Wolcott, lately pastor of the New England church of this city, has received a unanimous call from the Plymouth church and society in Cleveland, Ohio. This church has two hundred and fifty members, and, through many reverses, has been sustained by the blessing of God on the labors of earnest and self-denying Christians. The only Congregational church in Cleveland, it occupies an important position, and is regarded with deep interest by our brethren both East and West. In Brother Wolcott they will find a pastor who, in every department of life, will prove himself every inch a man and a Christian; and the pastors of the other churches will find in him a brother and a friend.

Rev. J. E. Roy has accepted the appointment of American Home Missionary agent for Northern Illinois and Indiana, and has entered heartily upon his labors. His office is No. 51 Lasalle street, Chicago.

That famous temperance lecturer, Dr. Charles Jewett, whose eloquence unites learning, piety, wit, and pathos, and who has been doing so good a work in Iowa, proposes, after Feb. 10th, to make Chicago his headquarters, whence he will go forth wherever called in this state. To mention no higher motive, it would be economy to employ him for at least one year in this beer-guzzling, whisky-drunken city.

The last General Association of this state adopted a plan of systematic benevolence, and assigned the collection for the American Congregational Union to the months of January and February. During the past year this society has aided ten of our churches in building their houses of worship to the amount of $2,375, and as yet has received only a small pittance in return from our state. Many other churches, now destitute, are sending to the Union the Macedonian cry for help. Rev. W. E. Holyoke of Polo, Ill., was appointed secretary and treasurer for this cause within our bounds, and has issued his circular, which we hope will not prove fruitless.

Our General Association adopted also a plan for collecting the histories of the Congregational churches, ministers, missionaries, and movements in Illinois, and committed the work to the registers of the district associations. How much of this work has been done? Wisconsin has done a good work of this sort, and embodied the details in two volumes—one, by Rev. Stephen Peet, the other more recently by Rev. Dexter Clary. Let it not be forgotten by Illinois! Nothing, however, is more certain than that nothing effectual will be done until the Association adopts a more thorough and effective plan.

The Rhetorical Society and the Society of Inquiry connected with the Chicago Theological Seminary, (Congregational,) gave the public a treat last week in the way of orations, essays, and a debate, interluded with such good music as the Mason Society know how to give. The exercises were as follows: An oration, "Mystery," by H. E. Barnes; an essay, "Science the Friend of Religion," by C. E. Dickinson; a debate, "Was the Banishment of Roger Williams from Massachusetts Colony just?" by A. L. Williams and J. W. Cass; an essay, "Heart Power," by H. Durham; and an oration, "The Necessity of Radicalism," by E. N. Lewis. In these exercises there was such manliness of thought and speech as made the friends of the Seminary feel a pride in the students and their professors who had trained them. Twenty-two young men are now connected with this institution, and so eagerly are the graduates sought by the churches, that the faculty find some difficulty in carrying out their rule that no young man shall receive his papers until he has completeted his full course of study. Some of our students are dependent on the aid of our Educational committee; and it is earnestly desired that the ladies of our churches to whom the work of raising funds has been committed, will not forget that this aid must be extended *quarterly*. The second appropriation must be made soon, and as yet we have an *empty* treasury.

The religious press of this city is feeling the pressure of the times, as appears by a formidable "Delinquent List" published in *The New Covenant*, which so ably advocates every moral reform, and contains so much readable matter, that it is a matter of regret that it should lend itself to the delusion of the final blessedness of those who die in the rejection of Christ. Here are the names and residences of fifty-nine subscribers owing $8 and over, who are in arrears to the amount of $702. Curiously enough, the largest debtor is one "reader" who has kept at "reading" until he owes $26. From all such readers, good Lord deliver us! And all the publishers said: Amen. The thought has just struck me to send you the delinquent list of our late *Herald*. So soon as I can set the names to rhyme, and adapt the words to the tune of Windham or Rogue's March, you shall have it. Such a list, hung up alongside of your counterfeit detecter, might save you some money; for some of them are great readers of everything but—the eighth commandment.

The Christian Times has, in spite of the times, about 7,000 subscribers; is an earnest advocate of the Congregational polity, of lay preaching and effort, and of immersion; is full of denominational news, (Baptist,) and is altogether a good, sound, instructive journal.

The Northwestern Christian Advocate, (Methodist Episcopal,) having a circulation of 2,600, is, just like its editor, ready, reliable, racy, risible, radical, rousing, religious, and reformatory. May Brother Eddy never fall from grace, except with the bishops and the conferences!

A circular in raised letters has been sent me from the Wisconsin Institute for the education of the blind. This institution, located at Janesville and supported by the state, furnishes to the pupils, beside a good common-school education, a knowledge of some mechanical or musical art as a means of self-support. It is going on prosperously; and its main building having been completed, affords room for an increased number of inmates. Application may be made to Thomas H. Little, superintendent.

Since last April 13,027 soldiers have passed from, and 25,910 have passed through our city, to the seat of war. General Lane has been here, toasted, feasted, cheered, and presented with a carriage valued at $1,000, and is now in Kansas. General Hunter takes command of the expedition. Stanton's appointment to the Cabinet gives great satisfaction; and Zollicoffer's defeat sent up our hopes several degrees. When our Constitutional Convention accomplishes anything, I will send you word. They have been taking a few days' rest from their arduous labors. The members seem to labor under some constitutional difficulties, and fears are suggested that they may become chronic.

The Illinois Central Railroad has been in hot water with the state and the convention about the payment in gold of the 7 per cent. of its gross earnings which are annually due the state. Payment was delayed because the state was in arrears to them for military transportation. The money is now paid. The United States made a grant of immense tracts of land to this corporation, but has received full pay for it in the ready sale and enhanced price of the reserved alternate sections. This company has been an incalculable benefit to Illinois in the way of internal improvement and in selling out their lands to actual settlers only. As yet they pay shareholders nothing.

A great change has come over our currency. New England bank-bills, which used to be as rare as letters from our friends there, and caught up as quickly, are now thick as blackbirds, together with plenty of counterfeits and bogus coins. Ohio, New York, and New England bank-bills are stump-tail now, and Canada, Iowa, and Indiana the only specie-paying bills. New York exchange is from par to ¼ of 1 per cent. premium, gold from 2¾ to 3. In Milwaukee exchange is 1 per cent., Treasury notes 1, and gold 3. *The Chicago Evening Journal* presents facts and figures to show that our city is now the greatest grain, beef, hog, and lumber market in the world. As to the third item, it seems as if all porkdom was emptying itself upon us, and as if the swine were possessed again to run down toward the lake. (They have certainly run down swiftly in price.) South Chicago, between the stock yards and the packing-houses, is one grand grunting ground, with variations of shouting and cursing from the biped brutes who drive them, with their stout shillalies smiting their snouts as if they had no more feeling in them than there is in their own hearts.

The way in which the recent change was made in the market days of stock in this city is so interesting that I send it as found in *The Commercial Express*:

"A few weeks ago, one of the leading packers and dealers in live stock, while settling up some Sunday business and counting and paying out the coin which closed the transaction, was so overcome by the reflection of the unnecessary and enormous desecration of a day which he knew and felt should be devoted to rest and to religious observance, and to which desecration he was so publicly and prominently contributing, that (we use his own words) he was appalled; he could neither reckon up the figures before him, nor could he count out the money, (who shall say what power thus mastered his faculties?) and with that frankness which is a characteristic of the man, he declared that he could not proceed with that business, and calling a young man to finish up the transaction for him, he said: 'Gentlemen, I shall have no more to do with this Sunday traffic; upon my soul, I cannot, and will not!' And we learn that the next day he drew up in his office a pledge, headed of course with the name of his own firm, and gave himself no rest until he had presented it to every packer, shipper, drover, and yard-owner, and had secured influential names enough to break up the former desecration.

"Hereafter, the principal sale days at the Live Stock Yards will be Thursday and Friday, instead of Saturday and Sunday, in which let all respectable men coincide most heartily, and for which let all Christian men give most devout thanks."

An interesting account of Life on the Mississippi Gun-boats must be reserved for my next.

Box 4,412, Chicago Post-Office. PURITAN.

RESULTS OF THREE-FOURTHS OF THE YEAR.

THE American Tract Society, founded in New York by Christians from all parts of the country, has deeply felt the influence of the great fratricidal, treasonable rebellion against our happy God-given Government, "whose hand FOR us has been streng as a giant's: its hand UPON us gentle as the infant's touch." The rebellion sundered all communication with nearly one-third of the Society's colporters and other laborers, having in their hands about $25,000 worth of books, a large portion of which have probably been put into circulation.

So far as this rebellion is one of the fruits of slavery, it is a gratifying fact that, while the Society on the one hand has issued nothing to irritate, on the other it has issued no line or word in any way favoring that system. In its publications, as in the standard evangelical literature of the world, when slavery is referred to it is as an evil to be eventually removed by the diffusion of the Gospel and the practice of its principles. In enforcing the duties which grow out of its existence, and condemning those plain sins and manifest evils which are connected with it, the Committee desire in the future to be governed by the teachings of God's Word, and the clear indications of his Providence.

Grateful for the long-continued cordial co-operation of so large a body of devoted Christians at the South, and for the evidences that 'the expenditure of labor and of money in that more needy portion of our country have been blessed in bringing multitudes both of the free and the bond to Christ, and joining in the prayer of millions that God in his wisdom and mercy will speedily restore the breach that has been made, the Society has yet before it other fields of usefulness wide as the world and full of promise.

OUR ARMY AND NAVY OF SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND OFFICERS AND MEN, periling life and all that is dear, that our blessed inheritance of free government, law, and order may be handed down to unborn generations, is a most inviting field. The Society has already expended more than SIXTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS in issuing appropriate libraries, manuals, and other works, throughout almost the whole range of our military and naval movements. Though this sum far exceeds the amount contributed for this purpose by the churches, the calls for further expenditures from chaplains, officers, soldiers, sailors, army committees, nurses, and individuals, are still constant and importunate.

Our loyal population amounts to TWENTY MILLIONS, spread over vast territories, and most rapidly increasing: an intelligent, active, and, to a great extent, a reading people, not far from one-third of whom it is supposed are still unreached by the stated means of grace. Was there ever a more encouraging field of Christian effort? And are not the Society's publications, its missionary colportage, and gratuitous distributions, with prayerful personal labors for the souls of individuals, adapted to the end designed? Co-operative colportage as now prosecuted, combines all these, and gives assurance to donors that their gifts will be economically and wisely applied.

THE GRANTS OF PUBLICATIONS, through colportage and in all the wide channels of the Society's operations on the land and the sea, have thus far the current year exceeded $20,000, and can only be supported by charitable contributions.

MORE THAN FIFTY FOREIGN STATIONS in heathen and nominally Christian countries look to this Society for from $10,000 to $15,000 annually, to aid them in publishing Christ to those perishing in darkness, prejudice, and sin. Last year the Society was compelled to limit these cash appropriations to $7,000. It is very desirable they should be raised to $10,000 the current year.

It is no small encouragement to aid the Society's work, that it has such admirable means for issuing its publications in an attractive form at the least possible expense. An intelligent friend from Boston, lately visiting the Society's house, said, in substance, "Do let the Christian public know what facilities the Society has for printing. Tell them of these twenty presses, this steam-power applied in so many ways, these accommodations for drying, pressing, folding, binding, engraving, and selling wholesale and retail, and that the building was provided by donations for this purpose from Christians in New York; it will be a powerful motive to God's people to employ these means for Christ and his cause."

It is designed that in issuing publications the department of sales shall be self-supporting, so that all donations received may be applied to charitable objects. The receipts for nine months of the current year have been, in donations and legacies, $49,273 78; for sales, $82,939 60; making $132,213 38. There is now due on the Society's house $20,000, to be paid from rents of a part of it; and other dues to be paid within about three months amount to $13,600.

Those best acquainted with the Society, the character of its publications, its methods of usefulness, its means of access to millions at home and abroad, and the evidences of the divine blessing descending upon it, see a great field of usefulness before it; and they beseak the prayerful co-operation and early and

Sermon
BY
Henry Ward Beecher.*

"Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."—Acts xxvii. 24.

This befell Paul upon that memorable voyage which he made in the Mediterranean Sea, and which is so graphically described in the chapter that I have read in your hearing. The last scene had come. They were on the eve of shipwreck. Paul then assumed his natural place. He was outwardly a prisoner, amidst soldiers, being conveyed captive to Rome. But in fact he was the master of them all—for the chief men among men are not always those that are at the top outwardly. When others sank under discouragement, he, lifted up by his faith in the divine presence and help, and made invincible by a glorious faith of immortality that made all things on earth indifferent, was the chief; and he spoke to officers and men as their natural superior. He rebuked them for not before heeding his advice; he cheered them with promises that God would save their lives; and thenceforth he seems to have been the dictator, forbidding any to leave the ship, and ordering and exhorting them to eat, that they might be strong enough for the climax of disasters that was just before them. And then sublimely stood forth a Christian hero, calm amidst the terrors of the sea, the superstitious fear of the passengers, and the official cruelty of the brutal soldiers.

Why do not artists who, as millers love to fly into devouring flames, delight to attempt scenes that extinguish their puny power, attempt this scene?—the sea; the ship ungoverned; the crew helpless; and Paul, not braced up by a stern resolve, but tranquil, radiant, cheerful, carrying light with him, and, in that wild, embroiled sea, carrying consolation and hope to the paralyzed seamen, and to the stoical soldiers even courage.

An angel had appeared to him. "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve." What was this angel? Why, it was just simply an angel. If any one knows more than that, I wish he would tell me what it was.

There is an angel ministry. Its range, its methods of administration, in short, the diocese and duty thereof, God knows, and man does not. This has been the testimony of the Bible from the beginning, and the faith of the church universal from the beginning, that there is an angel ministry. It is not a modern doctrine: it is as old as the patriarchs, and older. Angels preluded the Savior, appeared to him in his anguish with comforts, and guarded his sepulcher. They ministered to his apostles. One stood by Paul on this eventful night of tempest and despair. And that time Paul saw him. Often, however, they minister, without a doubt, when they are not seen. God gives his angels charge, it is said, to bear up his chosen ones, lest they dash their foot against a stone. The angels of the Lord encamp around about his people. They are ministering or serving spirits—that is, they are helpful ones, sent to minister to them that are heirs of salvation. They serve without revealing themselves, doubtless, much more often than with revelation. Except when some end requires the apparition, they do not appear. Not then only, I ween, had they stood by Paul, but when first smitten with blindness, as much. When going forth among heathens to preach, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, and in perils among false brethren, doubtless he had good airy company. And now, on that stormy night, upon that helpless ship, and amid that wearied crowd, stood the angel—apparent this time. No wonder Paul was cheerful. There is neither storm nor darkness to him who stands where angels are. But, his words? "Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar." Then the sea shall not swallow him, nor the bolts strike him, nor the soldiers' steel harm him. Other dangers demand, and this danger shall not take him. It was the same in effect that the Master had often said when in peril—"My time is not yet come." There are things to be done and to be suffered in every appointed life, and nothing can harm men until that predestined experience has been wrought out.

But now were added those other words whose meaning attracted us, and for whose precious freight we have sought this text—"Lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Who were they that sailed with him? More than two hundred souls; sailors—and the sailors of two thousand years ago. What was there in such natures to attract divine mercy? Soldiers—Roman soldiers—brave, but cruel, stone-hard, and often dissolute and brutal. Passengers—the trafficking, wandering gipsies of the sea. A more godless set one cannot imagine. What a picture for Rembrandt would be that motley crowd, gathered around the fire on the Island of Malta, after the wreck and escape!

Yet, on all these God had mercy; and he said to Paul, "I have given thee all that sail with thee." Why? It was to Paul that they were given. Let us not lose that out. It is the very perfume of the flower. God gives blessings to those who merit nothing, for the sake of those among them that are God's. He gives blessings to one for the sake of another. The highest form of this kind of giving is giving for Christ's sake; but the same principle of administration goes on clear down to the bottom of life; and it is one of the most important traits of disposition in divinity, and one of the most noble aspects of a moral government, as well as one of the most comforting of truths. Paul, like a true Christian man, had become interested for these wild and wicked creatures. To be sure, he saw their coarseness; he saw their filthy passions; he heard their rude conversation; he noticed their selfish and untutored natures; but, under all, he saw the smothered divinity. The *might-be* in each one of these men, was before his mind. The great future stood forth to his view. In that atmosphere they were no longer beggarly wretches of time. And he learned to feel for them. He had often prayed for them; and here was God's recognition of his pleadings for them: "I have given them to thee." This was, for the time, his parish. Every man's parish is the people among whom he happens to be, for the time.

God does not give us simply the things which we need for our own bodily and mental good, but that which we need for others as well. This truth has glorious illustrations in all history. We are taught that God spared and blessed the Jews for the sake of Abraham, his friend. Men have ridiculed this saying, "As if the God of the universe would stop the laws of nature just to please an old Arab sheik!" He did not *stop* the laws: he *used* them. And as to the occasion, nothing can be imagined more noble. He administered the laws of nature and providence for heart-reasons, for reasons of affection, for reasons of love, to one that loved him. He spared, or offered to spare, the cities of the plain, for the sake of righteous men, if there might be found such within them. He spared Israel, for the sake of Moses, at his importunity.

It is not necessary to discuss the particular cases, whether they were fit, but only the principle, which is one of transcendent interest and scope; namely, that it is the divine disposition, and that it is a part of the divine government, to bless God's children—those that fear him and love him, not simply in themselves, but in others that belong to them—by reason of their affection and importunity.

When we look at our experience as developed in the realm of friendship and love, we find out a great many particulars that illumine the nature of God, and especially that side of the divine character which we are most concerned to know. The things which we have are not so much to us as the things which we bestow on those whom we love. No one has been a parent and not found this out; no one has been a friend and not found this out—that the things which we have ourselves are not so much to us as the things which we confer upon others; and that true treasure goes heartward.

We know that no favor comes to us with such singular riches and kindness, as that favor which is bestowed on our friends. You may do much for us, and we may be excited to gratitude; but nothing pierces and melts the very center of one's soul so much as a sense of kindness to us by kindness to ours. Kindness to us unlocks the outer gates, but kindness to ours unlocks the inner gate. Any kindness or service of love done to ourselves personally is doubled and quadrupled when it is done to us through those that are dear to us.

We recognize, too, the same duty as applied to ourselves. We are moved in the same way. That is, if we love one, we seek to favor and help those whom he loves. If you find the child of a friend, you are conscious that a peculiar feeling seizes and magnetizes you. If you find a friend's friend, he is *your* friend; and if he be in trouble you succor him. And the act is sweeter to you because you are doing a kindness to one that may never know it—and it pleases you better if he does not. For the less ostentatiousness there is accompanying a good deed, the better it is to a true nature.

Now this interprets and encourages, both. It reveals a glorious element of divine disposition. God, sitting in the circle of infinite power and glory ineffable, has the same feelings that we have in this regard—the same in *kind*, but in degree infinite, transcending any bound, and jurisdiction, and scope, and beyond anything that we can conceive of. We ourselves acknowledge the nobleness of this principle. We say, "I will do for you, I will do for yours, and I will recognize that you, in doing for me, do most when you do glancing from me to mine." We are conscious that working for others is the more delicate, the more touching, and the more refreshing realm of friendship.

This, even in our lower experience, we can scarcely ever express in words; for language is too rude and dull for us in proportion as we come into the more sacred spiritual experiences. Language was made for man's bodily wants, not for his soul wants; and we find it difficult to express this experience. But there is yet a consciousness that there is a higher realm of friendship, of which the principle is, "Touch me by touching mine, and I will bless you by blessing yours." There is a delicacy in it, there is a generosity in it, refined by concealment, and made richer, often, by the thought that this is in us because first it was in God; that it is in us in the speck, and in him in the mountain ore, as it were; that what is in us, compared with what is in him, is as a single drop of water compared with the whole ocean; that it is the secret of his administration; and that he pours blessings on the good and bad according to one scheme of government and friendship, measuring the mercies which he bestows not by the desires of the individual, but by his needs, in all the relations of his existence. Is it father? God's thoughts are to those whom he fathers. Is it friend? God's thoughts are to all those who are his friends. And in looking at men we find that none stand solitary. All men are like banyan-trees, that root again, and again, and again, and spread far over the ground. And on every trunk and branch and root God's mercies fall as rains and dews fall upon the multiplex-trunked tree. And so it is that there is a power of God directly for us, upon ourselves, but that there is more power of God indirectly for us, upon others, as will be more apparent as we proceed.

God is true in his friendships, and, like a friend, he takes in all our loves, and blesses them, partly for our sakes, as well as because it is his nature to bless everybody. He never gives us inferior affection. He is ever filled with all generosities and delicacies of divine loving. We are limited, and are often unable to do for our children as we would; but there is no limitation to God. He says, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy." All nature, everything in the universe, is carrying out God's sovereignty of love and goodness, and he disperses abroad, and gives according to the bounty of his own nature.

Thus, in that great system of mercy administered through providence, God is acting according to the largeness, the generosity, the sympathy of this feeling.

This, then, will answer the question often propounded, but more often thought than asked, whether God will hear our prayers for others. What one that has ever prayed has not come upon occasions of praying for others, and fluttered on the threshold of petition, not doubting altogether whether God would hear our prayers for ourselves, but wondering whether he would hear prayers for others uttered by us. He is more likely to hear your prayers for others than he is to hear your prayers for yourselves, a great deal.

Does my boy ask me for food? If he asks for food for himself, I am, to be sure, willing to give it to him; but if he comes to me and says, "Father, there is a poor shivering, hungry boy on the sidewalk; may I carry some food out to him?" though I might have denied him the loaf for himself, when he asks liberty to carry it to an unknown stranger that is suffering, I say, "Go! go! carry it to him;" and I give him double that he asks for. If my son asks a thing for himself, I may not think it best that he should be indulged; but if he asks a thing for his companion in royal friendship, I will be twice as likely to grant his request. In other words, I bless generosity when I would not selfishness; I bless magnanimity when I would not self-need, even. I would often deny a child things that are for the child; but I never would deny him things that are for his friendship. There he touches me, and there he opens a companionship, and not a mere paternity.

And so, when we ask God for mercies for others, do not you suppose he feels the swell of that same emotion which we feel under like circumstances? We are conscious that we grant things asked for others more readily than things asked for self. And it is so with God to a far greater degree than with us. Do you suppose that when a mother prays for her child God does not feel more than he does when she prays for herself? What gives peculiar beauty to the mother's prayer for her child, is the sweet unconsciousness with which she offers it. There is one thing which God looks upon as more beautiful than rocks, and trees, and mountains, and fields, and storms, and waters, and that is the landscape of the heart. And do you not suppose that when one prays for another, his prayer goes up and touches the great sentient and sensitive heart of God, in whom dwell, in all degrees, thoughts of love, of delicacy, of refinement, of generosity, of magnanimity, and of goodness? See how endless is God's expression of the infinity of taste. What a marvelous variety is displayed in the vapors, that are renewed every single day! The heavens are God's dome. We wonder at the variety of scenes which Michael Angelo painted in the dome of St. Peter's at Rome; but what is that compared with the variety which we behold in the dome of the heavens, where every day God paints frescoes, and rubs them out that he may do it again the next day, and where, though he does it myriads of times, he never does it twice alike. Look at the infinite variety which God has displayed in field-pictures—in flowers. There is no conceivable color or form which has not been employed in order that the fullness and creativeness of the divine mind in the line of beauty might be manifested. How profuse, how wonderful, are the expressions of God on earth and in the heavens, by which he varies the literature of taste. And if taste, which is an outskirt faculty, is worth such illustration and illumination, what will be the endless variations of creative forms which shall greet our gaze when God lets us look on the interior book, wherein he expresses himself in the hight, and depth, and length, and breadth, of the delicacies of love? We do not see it now, because having eyes we see not; but the endless expressions of divine love, and the effects produced by it, exist, though we do not see them. The variations, endless, of God's generosity and kindness and mercy to us and ours, are beyond our vision now; but they are yet to be seen by us when we shall have become educated, and our eyes shall have become refined.

When, under such a system as this, we come before God to supplicate for those that are dear to us—our brethren, and sisters, and parents, and companions, and children; for those with whom we have been in commerce, and to whom we feel indebted; for those in whom we are in any wise interested, the presumption is that he is more apt to hear us than when we supplicate for ourselves.

I remark again, that we may lay up prayers for men. For answering does not always stand next door to petition. Prayers, however, are never forgotten, when they go up before the faithful One. Why, long after we have forgotten them, God remembers them. For prayers are seeds, many of them; and as air-plants root themselves up in trees, and then grow by reaching down toward the earth, so prayers, methinks, root themselves up in heaven, and then grow down toward us. They sometimes have a long growth before they reach us and blossom, but they do it sooner or later. Of the thousands and thousands of petitions uttered by God's people, some are answered the same day, some the same week, some the same month, and some the same year in which they are uttered; and some are not answered till years pass after their utterance. Blessed be God that it should be so. It indicates that the divine administration is not a meager administration.

If you go into an artist's studio, and say to him, "Give me a picture on the spot," he gives you what he has. It may be a little sketch, a little study, that he happens to have on hand. But if you go to him and say, "Give me as good a picture as you can produce," you must give him time to produce it.

Now, God does not need time to work because of his limitation, but because the materials by which he works are your affections and powers. Prayers are answered by being wrought out. If the things asked were meager and few, they might be granted instantly, but they are so many and comprehensive that the process of working them out is necessarily long. The postmaster does not write the letters that he distributes: he only gives one to one, and another to another, as they are demanded; and if the blessings of God were letters written, or things done up in little packages, prayers could be answered without delay. But every letter is lived before it is written. A mother writes a letter to her son. She is fifty years of age, and he is twenty. Now, those fifty years have been occupied in the writing of that letter. The many elements, subtle as well as obvious, which enter into its formation, have been gradually accumulating from her birth up to the time of writing. Its contents, although given instantaneously, have not been wrought out in an hour, nor in a day. And so the answers to prayers are worked out through long periods.

There is a place for the hand; there is a place for the sword; there is a place for commerce; there is a place for political economy; and in their own place we recognize the laws that belong to these things. But these things do not constitute the whole scheme of nature. There is a silent realm of invisible powers; and in that realm great is prayer, because it goes to the generosity and sympathy of a God of love. I had rather have a good man's prayers laid up in heaven for me than anything that a king could give. It is good to ask for physical and external things—we need them, and we get them; it is good to ask for secular benefits; but ah! "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" a man's life is joy, peace, faith, immateriality—it is *heart*. In that realm where heart is, there is the realm of God's answering of prayers; and there he hears us pray for others, and others pray for us. And the prayers are not instantly answered. The answers are reserved, because the multitudes of things asked for have to be wrought out, and not because God is indifferent, or wishes to tantalize his creatures. I do not think that God sits and trifles with us as we do with our children, when we hold out tempting fruit toward them, and then, when they have reached after it, and almost clasped it, draw it back. There is no such trifling with us by the divine Being as that. But if my child asks me for a tuberose, though I plant a bulb immediately, and comply with his request at the earliest possible moment, months necessarily elapse before he gets the flower. And the reason why our prayers are not answered at once is not because God would tantalize us, but because the things for which we ask are so large, and require such a development, that there is of necessity a space between asking and the getting.

I would not, for the world, think that all the prayers that have been offered for me are answered, many as have been the blessings that have come down upon me. Do you suppose I am what I am by virtue of my intelligence and my volitions? Nay—I tell you nay. *By the grace of God I am what I am*, and that instrumentally. I believe that the prayers that my mother uttered over me have never forsaken me, from the time she died to this hour. If convinced of anything, I am convinced that praying ancestors have been the occasion of my prosperity and usefulness; and I love to think, especially, that my mother prayed for me. I know that she set me apart, in the cradle, for God's uses and purposes. I know that she opened the path to heaven, and made it bright with the sacred feet of faith, as she walked daily up and down between the cradle and the throne of the Eternal Father. And I am what I am because God gave me such a mother, and because she sent up so many prayers for me. And in heaven they have hung, and they are pouring down showers of blessings on my head all the time; and I believe that they will not be spent to the day when I join her and that sainted host with whom she dwells. I believe that if there is anything that God will not forget, it is a mother's prayers.

Have you a mother in heaven? Did she pray for you? Have you been blessed? Have you been rescued from temptation and danger in ways that were strange, and that you could not account for? Have you experienced religious emotions and spiritual drawings the cause for which you could not explain? Then you are under the administration of God, who hears the prayers offered by one person for another, and who sends down mercies upon you in answer to prayers laid up in heaven for you.

There is, then, great encouragement to pray for those whom we love. There is great encouragement for those that are rearing children, to lay up in heaven for them much treasure. Do not ask just the things that belong to the cradle. Do by your children before God what you do before men. For that is not a mother that only looks to the coverlet—to the thing that keeps the child warm now. A wondrous lens is the cradle. We talk of Lord Rosse's and Herschel's telescopes, that resolve nebulous distances, and bring near things that are afar off; but wonderful as they are, they are not to be compared to the cradle, through which the mother looks at the coming manhood of her child, and traces its career in life, bringing distant years down to her hours of vision, as she sits in her contented home, bending with fond anticipation over the object of her hopes. These are the times when the mother weaves the future of her child. She wants to give it food and warmth; but she is laying plans and indulging in fancies respecting its future history. She beholds it as it will be when it is six years old. She sees how he will look when he is ten years of age, rejoicing in his first new suit, and tripping away to school. She sees him when he is fifteen, and does not know whether he is a man or a boy; and proudly sees him when he is twenty-one. She follows him through the incipient beginnings of his career in life, and sees him overcome all obstacles and achieve an honorable success. She watches him till the wrinkles of age begin to appear on his brow, and wonders how he will look as an old man, and takes something from herself and something from her husband, and thus forms a conception of what he will be like. Although she is not indifferent to, nor neglectful of, the present wants of the child, she is solicitous as to its future wants, and provides for them.

Now, while you are assiduous in doing good things for the bodily life of your children, you should be more assiduous in doing good things for their soul life. You should pray for them. And as mothers are priestesses, as women are that channel through which God sends the noblest and purest inspirations of life, God has made them to stand next to the helpless immortal. And is there a mother here that is not a Christian? Is there a woman here to whom God has given a germ of immortality to be reared, that does not know how to pray for her child? Oh! woe, woe is on your child if you cannot pray for it. I would rather live in widowhood and childless for ever, than to have children and not be able to pray for them. If you cannot pray for your children, they will be beggars, unless you get somebody to pray for them. For every child there should be laid up treasures of prayer, whose almoner is God, and whose providences shall run through all its years. You are living under an administration, as it were, built on purpose for just such offices of love, just such a laying up of prayers.

And do not think that your prayers are not going to be answered because they are not answered at once. Ah! there was many a time during this voyage of Paul when if it had not been for his faith he would have said, "If ever thou dost help, Lord, now thou must help." There were dark nights, there were stormy hours, when it seemed as though the ship would be engulfed, and human reason would have said, "Now, or never!" But those that were with Paul were saved through shipwreck. Many and many a one is saved through shipwreck. Many and many a child is saved through shipwreck. I do not believe that a prayer laid up for a child ever runs out. I think there is such a thing as transmitted legacies in prayer. God promised to his own people, that blessings should go down from father to son for many generations. It was so in the Old Testament times, and I believe it will be so in the New.

Oh, Christian parents, do not forget to pray, and pray much. It is a good way to lay up treasure. And do not let your faith forsake you. Do not, because it seems as though your child was going to ruin, think that God has not heard, and is not going to answer, your prayers in his behalf. Do not forget to trust God. You do not know the future. There are more ways than you dream of, in the economy of God, for bringing souls to heaven. And I do not believe one disappointed parent will stand before God and say, "I took thee at thy word, and laid up treasures for my children, praying for them day and night, and now where are they?—they are not here!" God will answer your prayers. Do not stint them, and then do not doubt that they will be answered.

And now, let me recur again to the passage before us.

Human life, as a whole, may be said to be a voyage. We are all of us, like Paul, voyagers. Sometimes it is calm and prosperous; sometimes it is stormy and disastrous. Every sort of fate attends the various navigation of all that spread their sails upon this voyage of life.

The circle to which a man is united by his heart's affections may be said to be the ship in which he sails. Those that are in the ship are tossed with us, and we are tossed with them. The same sea is under us all. The wind that wrecks them, strands us. We cannot untie the cords that are plied around us. And as we are all voyaging together on the sea of life, so we are in little groups cashipped together; and the promise is the same to all that can stand in Christian faith by God's angel with love and desire. He will not say to them that prosperity shall be theirs, but he will say to them, as he did to Paul: "Lo, God hath given thee all that sail with thee." Do you ask for any more? Christian parents, if God would fulfill that promise to you, could you not say to him, to-day, "Lord, it is enough. I accept it as the satisfaction of my life. Give me all that sail with me in my ship, that I may bring them, after the voyage is over, to thee?" Will not that suffice?

And ye that are teaching in schools, during the week, or upon the Sabbath day, is it ever a thought with you, how to bring those that sail with you, all of them, safely through? God has given them to you. You are to them as a parent, and it is yours to guide them in the way in which they should go. Are there hours in which you think you hear the angel of God saying to you, "Though thou must stand before Cæsar, yet, lo, I have given thee all that sail with thee?" Blessed promise! sweet assurance! holy hope! There is nothing better that man could imagine in all the gifts and experiences of life.

Christian brethren in this church, do you go before God, and stand by his angel, and lay claim to this promise, and say, "Give to us all that sail with us in this ship?" Do you feel that all who resort, from time to time, with us, to this place, are your shipmates, your companions? Are all that are knit to you by earthly ties, also knit to you by holy desires? Can you pray to God that he will give you all that sail with you in this ship?

And patriots and friends, can you enlarge the bounds of the petition, and pray that God will give to our dear country all that sail with us? Can you take hold of the promise? Can you, with faith, look upon this ship of state, tempest-tossed, in the midst of night and darkness, and say, "Lord, guide the ship, bring it safely into port, and save all the passengers?" Do you believe that he can save all that belong to us? I believe it. Faith in this matter will help us, and do a great deal toward bringing us the realization of our desires. So far as our instrumentality is concerned, despondency hinders, and hope helps. In regard to your companions, your children, your friends, your scholars, all in whose welfare your heart is enlisted, pray with courageous faith. The expectation that things will come well, will have a large share in making them come well. I do not think the parent will be disappointed who says, "I will not believe but that my children shall be saved; I never will give up, for a moment, the hope that God will save them; I will cling to that hope by the faith that I have in God." I think that God will make use of your holy confidence, patience, and expectation, as instruments, in working out the results for which you pray.

And it will be but a little while before you will see the consummation of your hopes. The seasons are passing; the year is dying; the days are growing shorter; all things are rushing to their close; life itself is flying away. You have become much older since I first stood here. I feel that age is coming to me. We are all of us hastening. Blessed be God, we are going to a land that has no storms; to a land without perils, without temptations, without fear, serene, high, and holy in its loves—loves that never disappoint nor forsake; that are sanctified and ministered unto by the very heart of God.

Take courage, then. Be patient under your trials. Bear your burdens without murmuring. See light, though it be midnight. God is for you. He sends angels to stand by you, and say to your troubled heart, "Lo, I have given to thee those that sail with thee."

* Preached at Plymouth church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, Dec. 15, 1861. Reported for *The Independent* by T. J. Ellinwood.

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THE OLD FEDERALISTS.

BY RICHARD HILDRETH.

In all our history there is nothing more curious or more instructive than the history of the Federal party, or, to speak more exactly, the history of the opinions which have been entertained as to the doctrines and merits of that party.

By the Federal party, we mean the party in power during the administration of the first two Presidents. This party had its origin in the rally made on behalf of the Federal Constitution—in the first place, to procure its ratification by the conventions called to deliberate upon it in the several states; and when that, by great efforts, and by very small majorities in the most important states, had been accomplished, to carry the Constitution into practical effect, and to give to it such an interpretation as might secure to the National Government power and influence enough to maintain its own existence, and to fulfill the great national purposes for which it had been formed.

Pre-eminent among the pillars of this party were the two Presidents, Washington and John Adams, the two Chief-Justices, Jay and Ellsworth, Alexander Hamilton, and, at the commencement, James Madison, though he speedily abandoned the Federal side and lent all his great abilities to the opposition—a loss, however, for which the Federalists might find some consolation in the accession and strong adherence of Patrick Henry to their side.

Engaged as this party was in so great and noble a work,—a work, too, which, in spite of all obstacles, as if by the direct support and special intervention of a superintending Providence, they were enabled to carry out,—the work of consolidating the American Union and founding our National Government, they encountered, almost from the very outset, a most fierce, bitter, and malignant opposition, led and maneuvered by Thomas Jefferson with incomparable political skill and an untiring perseverance. This man—one of the strangest anomalies that ever existed—by taste, habits, and life-long practice a slaveholding aristocrat, in theory an ultra democrat, combining, however, in that theory the repugnant ideas of absolute authority in the body of the people, to be exercised by such agents or agent as they might see fit by universal suffrage to appoint, and of an anarchical liberty on the part of individuals hardly consistent with any government at all—his favorite maxim being, The fewer the laws, the better the government. He even went so far as to express the opinion, in a letter to a friend on the subject of the Shays insurrection in Massachusetts, that it was necessary in all governments to have an insurrection as often as once in every twenty-five years, to keep the rulers in order. And it was in the same spirit that he afterward concocted the doctrines of strict construction and state rights, of which we are now reaping the fruits,—doctrines which he embodied in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798 and 1799, of which he furnished the original drafts, afterward indorsed and put forth as their own by the legislatures of those states.

It was this strange conjunction of inconsistent ideas—an inconsistency of which he seemed, and doubtless was, utterly unconscious—that enabled Jefferson to accomplish the downfall of the Federal party, by combining against it the great body of the slaveholders, the lawless backwoodsmen, impatient of all control, and the democratic sentiment which at that time swept over Christendom with epidemic fury.

The Federalists were ousted from power, and Jefferson as President was installed in their place, followed by his two lieutenants, Madison and Monroe. During all this twenty-four years, the Federalists—so far as concerned any participation in the administration of that National Government which they had saved from being strangled in its cradle—were a proscribed and outlawed race. They were maligned and held up to popular hatred as aristocrats and tyrants who had sought to establish a tyranny; a result which had only been prevented by the glorious revolution, as it was called, which had thrust aside John Adams and his alien and sedition laws, and standing army, and midnight judges, and raised Jefferson to the Presidential chair.

So persistent was this proscription that even John Q. Adams—whose political career subsequent to 1808 was based entirely on the verbal renunciation of his Federal political principles, though, like Peter, who denied his Master, he still adhered to them in his heart—so persistent, we say, was this proscription, that even John Quincy Adams, though supported for President by the great body of the Federalists, hardly dared to appoint a single Federalist to office, while all the young men born of Federal fathers and educated in Federal principles who aspired to political distinction, commenced, for the most part, by renouncing and maligning that illustrious party in whose principles they had been educated. It was not till Jackson became President, and after the lapse of a third of a century, that the members of the old Federal party were again recognized as possible candidates for offices under the Federal Government. But even their absolution and admittance into the circle of candidates for office could only be obtained by a loud-mouthed denunciation of old Federalism, and a prostrate adhesion to the new democracy of which Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, and Martin Van Buren were the high priests;—and to what a beautiful pass have they, with their slaveholding and state-rights democracy, at last brought us!

Yet it is worthy of remark, that while abuse of the old Federalists and of their political principles has been since the century began the established stepping-stone to national office in the practical administration of affairs, it has always been found necessary to adopt Federal ideas. When Louisiana was to be bought and annexed, when the embargo was to be laid, and all foreign commerce brought to an end, even Jefferson forgot entirely his famous doctrine of strict construction. That National Bank against which the Democrats had raised such a clamor, they found it necessary themselves to re-establish. That second Bank was assailed and destroyed by the new democracy with party fury and by questionable means; and yet again once more we seem to be coming back to the good old Federal idea of a uniform national currency. Even John Adams's district courts, which were the objects of such bitter denunciations, are now again substantially recommended in President Lincoln's annual message. The time seems at last to have come when justice is to be done to the old Federal party.

Trieste, Dec. 31.

THE RENDITION OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

THE FUTURE WAR WITH ENGLAND.

England, Jan. 9, 1862.

No single word, nor any number of words, can convey the state of feeling which has resulted from the brief telegrammic intelligence received by the City of Washington. It is not joy: much less is it exultation. It is more of thankfulness, as upon a great deliverance. It is told of strong men, that upon seeing in the broad light of day the fearful dangers they had incurred upon the perilous edge of mountain or seaward cliff, they have fainted. To many this day the blessed sense of relief, as from a great danger passed, will come with almost painful acuteness.

There would seem to be an inability in the general American mind to apprehend a state of English feeling and opinion. False mediums, transmitted from the past, and some born of this present, do much to obscure and distort all English things. Yet, whether heard or forborne, faithful witness must now be given.

For long months many devout and earnest men have made supplication for the United States, that righteousness and freedom and peace might prevail. As hopes have been dimmed, from the deep and settled distrust of England, so largely expressed, and from the apparent success of conspiring and embattled disunionists, the faith of many has been severely tried. These things, and the active intrigues and surprising mendacity of secessionists in Europe, encouraged the enemies of free institutions, and a Tory press, to manifest their latent or suppressed hostility. The capture of the two emissaries, and the circumstances of it, constituted almost an irresistible re-enforcement for the enemies of England and of the United States. They have not failed to hurl these forces at their object, as those who would conquer by surprise. But again, there was prayer and labor—meetings, protests, memorials—not indeed stimulated by any fear that the British Government had been intemperate in speech, or intended rash and sudden action; but this movement was prompted by the now obvious design of a small but powerful war party, which would league with Satan, if so be they might so overturn republican institutions.

England, then, and let it be said, a great and noble England, rejoices and gives thanks in the victory achieved by both countries in the rendition of Mason and Slidell.

A word more of simple, but perhaps incredible truth, must be said here.

The new Editor of *The Independent*, in assuming his vast responsibility, wrote thus:

"Our wish is to unite with England in a race of civilization. But if she will fight, we must."

Most earnestly, and with the deepest conviction,—of conviction founded on knowledge of English things and men, and with such apprehension of American things as a forty years' study and love of the United States may give,—we would say, This sentence requires emendation and transformation. The hypothetical *If* cannot be admitted; nor the conclusion, even if it had to be admitted, without a difference.

Let it be affirmed then, that there can be no wise, no just, no permanent political platform in the United States,—there can be no unity with England, in a race of civilization, till *this* principle is propounded and accepted by the free American people:

TO ADVANCE WITH ENGLAND IN A RACE OF CIVILIZATION, AND IF SHE WILL FIGHT, WE WILL NOT.

This may be a hard saying; but it is pure, crystalline truth. It is a stone cut out of the mountain. In it is empire, and in it only.

This is not a new and unfamiliar thought in England, as applied on the other side. For just rising, fragmentarily, out of the depths of the memory of childhood, is this remnant of a popular song of the last war:

"For peace, America, with thee,
If war with all the world."

That has been extensively and intensively an English sentiment, cherished, too, under difficulties, and some provocations.

"We will not fight with England, unless it be for England against enemies permanently encamped on British ground. Let *The Times*, thus an enemy, be insidiously hostile, show its cold malignity, and manifest to the world how deep and subtle a moral depravity is compatible with highest mental culture,—let a *Herald* direct forth in its fullness the voices of alarmed privilege,—let such British presses, in simulated passion and real vulgarity, talk of 'American mobs' and 'American rabble,' of 'Americanizing' British patriots, and let them do this, and therefor we will fight for, and not with England."

Here, assuredly, is to be found the true grandeur and moral and political force of the United States; and in this direction it is hoped the national mind may move, when emerging from the present fiery trial. It cannot be but that the quick intelligence of Americans, under the guidance of worthy leaders, will yet learn and appreciate what has really been the conduct and bearing of the British Government and nation, as a whole, in this critical period of American history. And if this be not done, then will Satan remain unbound, and an inheritance of woes unnumbered pass to the coming generations, and our "civilization" have to be numbered with the many merely human inventions.

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.—PROPHETICAL.

A NUMBER of *The Charleston Mercury* and of *The Savannah Daily News*, being the spoils of war, have reached me from Port Royal. They exhibit many curiosities of literature to an Englishman. Negroes, wanted to be sold; teachers wanted to be hired, warranted to be born in Europe, and yet to be tolerant of slavery, and of the sale of bodies and souls of men,—is "redolent" of Southern civilization. But quite as curious is the oratory, and the patriotism, and the fervid piety, which breathes beside the auction-block, the teachers aforesaid, and the Southern edition of school-books on ethics, adapted to the in-civilization of the section.

The "Hon. C. J. Ward," introduced to his audience in the Methodist church at Thomasville, by Judge Stansel, presents something new and strange, and vastly amusing, (on one side,) to the European. Two prophecies of the most thrilling and absolutely certain kind are uttered. They are of the infallible, inductive order, resting upon the eternal basis of granitic fact, and all inscribed with luminous statistics. Please observe the date, August 22. After disposing of the Union, and establishing the Southern Confederacy, and caring for its revenue, the Orator-Prophet came to the mother of abominations, England—strong as unscrupulous. "How long then can England maintain her own prosperity without the cotton of the South?"

Answer *first*, by proof, with facts and figures, that in December there would be exactly 39,000 bales of cotton less than none at Liverpool—and, "Before the 1st day of January next, then England must have our cotton. *This fact is fully recognized by the Northern press*, which declares 'that England must be supplied by the North with the cotton of the South before her supply is exhausted.' We have but to be true to ourselves, and the close of the present year will witness the opening of our ports."

Yes! North and South accepted this "state of facts," and relied on this sure word of prophecy, and have each shaped their policy in accordance with it!

PROPHECY SECOND: NORTHERN DESOLATIONS.—After blast of brazen apocalyptic trumpets, and cries of Woe! the Methodist church rang with this:

"The poor mother, with her starving child, now crouches upon their marble steps and pleads for bread. When a few more suns shall rise and set, the maddened father, with arms, may stand within their frescoed halls and cry for blood, until throughout those doomed Northern cities shall reign the wildest anarchy earth has ever known."

'Tis distance lends distraction to the view. Thus the South views the North, and thus North and South view the British!

W.

THE SECRET OF THE BRITISH WAR FEELING.

DERBY AGAINST PALMERSTON.

BY AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

London, Jan. 17, 1862.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

The storm raised by the San Jacinto, and which raged with such furor on both sides of the Atlantic, has at length subsided; and we are now enabled to see the mischief it has done, and to discover how much of it was due to the malice of those who were bent upon precipitating a war between England and America. The Government, indeed, has been guilty, but there is much reason to believe that the mass of the people were drawn into this warlike demonstration through the gross deception of the press, which has labored to show that it was the determination of the American Government and people to insult England and provoke her to war. The English ruling classes, who dread the growing power of republican America, and are secretly conniving at, if not in league with, the Southern rebellion, have encouraged these venomous assaults of the press. The London journals, which, before the seizure of the Trent, were simply malicious in the service of the rebellion, became now devilish; at the head of which was *The Times*, whose chief editor, with the taint of Jamaica slavery still upon his skirts, led off, and never tired, with the grossest vituperation. The secessionist press of London hoped for war; the people prayed for peace.

This was a pressure which no government could have resisted; and the present Government, which undoubtedly sympathizes with the South, yielded with a hearty will. But a pressure mightier than that of press or people came up in the rear of Palmerston and Russell, and impelled them to make the demonstration before the British public as warlike as possible. Their political salvation depended upon their making all the capital they could out of this pretended insult to the British flag.

To understand this properly, it must be remembered that the Conservative or Tory party, under the lead of Lord Derby, now out of power, has for one of its fundamental tenets an unconquerable hostility to democratic institutions; and that party, if now in office, would be only too happy to blot out the American republic from the face of the earth. The party of which Lord Palmerston is the head was called the Liberal, or Coalition party, and came into power under pledges for reform, which pledges they have since sadly ignored. They owe their continuance in office thus far to the popularity of their leader, rather than to any bond of union among the different factions of which the coalition is formed; and the close vote of last session, which showed them a majority of only 18 in a house of over 600 members, caused the Premier to turn pale, and the great body of his followers to quake in their shoes. It was under an apprehension that the coming session of Parliament would witness the downfall of the Palmerston ministry, that Lord John Russell, during the recess, has by the grace of her Majesty been shoved up to an earldom and to a seat in the House of Lords.

Thus, it will be perceived, the late war fever in England was not only an *opportunity* for a willing ministry to use in furtherance of a rebellion which threatened the overthrow of a hated republic, but also a political necessity, by which they must retrieve their waning prestige, and forestall the rallying cry of the opposite party.

The game, in its inception, was played with adroitness, but afterwards with such recklessness as to endanger its success. The Tory party, true to its instincts, joined most heartily in the war-cry against America, and the organs of both parties vied with each other in fanning the war-flame.

But while politicians were carrying on this nefarious game, the religious and thinking portion of the people began to be overwhelmed with the fear that a war was to be commenced which might have been avoided.

If the question should be narrowed down to a point of international law, could it not be settled by arbitration? Hereupon, (and this is the point to be noted particularly in coming to a right understanding of the feelings of the better portion of the English *people* toward America,)—hereupon meetings were convened for prayer. *The day on which Earl Russell's demand was expected to reach Washington was set apart by the Nonconformist churches for special prayer for peace.* I attended an assembly of 2,000 persons at Exeter Hall, whither I was drawn, though not an Englishman, by the bond of Christian brotherhood. Some constraint rested upon those who took part in the services, lest the object of such a large meeting should be mistaken for an implied censure of the Government; but otherwise a most devout and earnest feeling prevailed. I could have wished, as an American, that they

It will be easily seen that, if any such terms were offered—but we hesitate to believe the last of them—a pressure in favor of the South would come upon the British Government from more than one formidable section of our public."

Now, every high-spirited American, on reading the above, will very naturally burn with righteous indignation, and threaten vengeance upon whatever powers shall interfere. Of course America will defend herself with spirit whenever she may be attacked, but would it not be wiser to foil these schemes of the rebel leaders by taking the question out of the hands of foreign politicians?

How long must it be before the North shall set itself right in the eyes of the Christian world on this question of freedom against slavery? C. P.

THE ARMY HOSPITALS.

SANITARY COMMISSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
TREASURY BUILDING, Jan. 27, 1862.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE INDEPENDENT:

GENTLEMEN: I have received several letters showing what pain has been caused to numbers of your readers by the following observations of your correspondent in Washington, signing D. W. B., and have only neglected to address you sooner on the subject from the hope that I might encounter him here, and demonstrate to him the error into which he had fallen, knowing that he would hasten to correct the statement.

"The condition of sick soldiers in the camp hospitals is far from satisfactory. Complaints are constantly made and rarely listened to by the proper authorities. The regular hospitals within the District are in an excellent condition, but the regimental and brigade hospitals in Virginia are in a shocking state. The Sanitary Commission does not usually extend its care to them. In one of them eighty sick men have lain for weeks without bed, straw, sheet, or pillow. Beds and bedding are generally unknown to these places, and the gifts of the benevolent, sent from all parts of the country, never reach them. The sick soldiers pass through the most distressing and long-continued fevers in their usual military clothes. It is to be hoped that some one in authority will remedy this intolerable grievance.—D. W. B."

If the field hospitals were all they should be—if they were supplied with everything necessary for the proper treatment of all the sick that could be brought to them, the business of the Sanitary Commission with them would be ended. Such is not the case; the Sanitary Commission has constantly a great deal to do, and is doing it. So far from confining its attentions to the general hospitals, while it has but one agent engaged in visiting them, it has seven, in this department, visiting the regiments. There is not a loyal regimental hospital in Virginia that has not been visited by its inspectors within a month, nor has a single deficiency of any of the articles specified or indicated by D. W. B., with only the exception of beds, been acknowledged to exist in any regimental hospital in Virginia, that it has not been immediately supplied. Every commander of a regiment, as well as every surgeon, has been urged to notify the Commission of such wants, and in no case has the Commission been specifically informed of them without immediately supplying them. More than 5,000 blankets and quilts have been, in fact, distributed to field hospitals on the Virginia side of the Potomac within the last sixty days, and from two to four thousand each of shirts, drawers, socks, pillow-cases, etc., the whole number of this class of articles recently sent to field hospitals in Virginia from this office being above twenty thousand.

That "the gifts of the benevolent sent from all parts of the country" *to the regiments* "have rarely reached them," is, I have reason to believe, true. I am not informed of a single instance in which goods sent to the Sanitary Commission have, within reasonable time, failed to come to hand. About a thousand articles a day are now sent out to the sick in this department, and at the West at least an equal number. I believe these are, for the most part, distributed where most needed.

Notwithstanding which, it cannot be denied that there is much suffering from the inadequate supplies of the regimental hospitals. There is but one sufficient remedy for this, and it can only be applied by Congress.

Your obedient servant,
FRED. LAW OLMSTED, Secretary.

Religious Intelligence.

CONGREGATIONAL.

MAINE—Bethel.—The religious interest in Bethel is deeply seated in the minds of a large number of persons in this community. Probably one hundred persons have experienced religion among the different religious societies. Meetings have been held in Rev. Mr. Wheelwright's church every evening for more than three weeks, and they have been fully attended. Such an interest has not been known here since 1889.—*Oxford Democrat.*

VERMONT—Waitsfield.—Mr. Alfred B. Dascomb was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry on Thursday, the 16th inst. Services as follows:

Invocation and Reading of Scriptures, Rev. Sumner Clark of Massesta; Prayer, Rev. Mr. Webster of the M. E. church Waitsfield; Sermon, Rev. E. I. Carpenter, Barre; Ordaining Prayer and Charge, Rev. L. H. Stone, Northfield; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. P. F. Barnard, Williamstown; Address to the People, Rev. E. I. Carpenter; Concluding Prayer, Rev. Mr. Clark.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the house was well filled. The sermon from 2 Cor. v. 14, 15, was a clear and forcible presentation of the doctrine that men are dead in sin, and the influence which this should have upon the preacher of the Gospel. All the exercises were listened to with good attention, the choir aiding their full share to the interest of the occasion.

The council met on Wednesday. The examination of the candidate was highly creditable and satisfactory, and the unanimity of feeling among the people with whom our brother has labored the past year, and expects still to labor, gives much promise of usefulness. The council regretted much that the way had not been prepared for his installation as pastor of the church.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

MASSACHUSETTS—Installation of an Army Minister.—There were interesting services at the Springfield-street chapel, last evening, for the purpose of installing C. B. Thomas, as an evangelist, for ministerial duties at the hospitals of Washington and Alexandria. The attendance was quite large. An ecclesiastical council, at a session held at the same place in the afternoon, accepted the candidate, and all that remained to enable him to enter at once upon the discharge of his duties was this formal public recognition of his position as a minister. The services were as follows:

Invocation and Reading of the Scriptures, Rev. H. A. Stevens of Melrose; Introductory Prayer, Rev. S. C. Leonard of Andover; Sermon, Rev. E. N. Kirk, D.D.; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. E. B. Webb; Charge, Rev. J. M. Manning; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. J. L. Graves; Concluding Prayer and Benediction, Rev. Chas. Smith of Andover.

The sermon of Dr. Kirk was devoted to an exposition of the duties of a minister of the Gospel, of what a supreme love of Christ accomplishes, and of the qualities demanded of an efficient minister.—*Boston Traveller, 30th.*

CONNECTICUT—Yale College.—Mr. Timothy Dwight, a grandson of President Dwight, Professor of Sacred Literature in Yale Theological Seminary, was ordained to the work of the Gospel ministry, Sept. 15. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Hawes of Hartford; Charge by Rev. Dr. Dutton of New Haven. Prof. Dwight had been an assistant of Prof. Josiah W. Gibbs for three years in the same department; and since the decease of Prof. G. has performed all the duties of the professorship. Prof. G. was early a licentiate, but was never ordained—and was therefore erroneously included in our clerical tables of Dec. 27.—*Congregationalist.*

Brotherly Kindness.—One year ago, Rev. Mr. Stearns, pastor of the Congregational church, Windham, Ct., became an invalid with little hope of recovery. The neighboring ministers in Windham and New London counties have supplied his pulpit to the present time by giving their services each for a Sabbath. Truly the right hand of fellowship is not a mere form.—*Herald.*

NEW YORK—Champlain Presbytery.—This body embraces the churches of Clinton and Franklin counties, N. Y. As to denominationalism, the churches are partly Congregational and partly Presbyterian, united in Presbytery under the "Plan of Union." Some of the churches are purely Presbyterian, some are purely Congregational, and some mixed. For example, the church of Malone, the largest in Presbytery, having over 400 members, is purely Congregational, the pastor belonging to Presbytery for convenience. Twelve miles east of Malone is Chateaugay, where there is a Presbyterian church of 100 members. The church polity may be called "mixed." Its members are as much Congregational as Presbyterian, and its polity a little more so. It has three deacons and six elders, elected by a majority of members of both sexes. One deacon and two elders go out of office yearly, and new ones are chosen. Cases of discipline come before the session, but its decision must be submitted to the whole church for final action, and an aggrieved member may appeal either to Presbytery or a mutual council. Candidates for admission are examined by the session, who report to the church, which by vote admits or rejects; and all business done by the session must be approved by the church before it can go on the record. If this is not Congregationalism, it is not intensified Presbyterianism. With one or two exceptions, such are the remaining churches. And yet Presbyterianism is wide awake, as the recent action of Presbytery shows. There are in New England colleges aided by the American Education Society two beneficiaries belonging to the Presbytery. Consequently, contributions taken up within its bounds have heretofore gone to that Society, for the benefit of these young men. But at Plattsburg recently, the Presbyterians, by a persistent effort, procured a vote that this Presbytery "co-operate as far as practicable with the Assembly's Committee." Now if the beneficiaries continue as heretofore to receive aid from the American Education Society, while the collections of the churches go to Philadelphia, it will at once be seen that if the action of Presbytery is not consistent, it is most clearly shrewd. H.

Saugerties.—Mr. George H. Coffey was ordained pastor of the Congregational church, Saugerties, N. Y., Jan. 22, 1862.

Introductory Prayer and Reading of Scriptures by Rev. Silas Fitch of the Methodist church, Saugerties; Sermon by Dr. J. P. Thompson of New York; Ordaining Prayer by Rev. Dr. Gosman of R. D. church, Saugerties; Charge to the Pastor by Ray Palmer, D.D., of Albany; Right Hand of Fellowship by Rev. Moses Tyler of Poughkeepsie; Address to the People by Rev. James M. Ferris of Baptist church, Saugerties.

The discourse of Dr. Thompson was a profound, eloquent, and masterly exposition of the power of the preacher, as derived from the personal operations of the Holy Spirit, while the charge of Dr. Palmer was in his happiest vein, wise, discriminating, and impressive. Mr. Coffey is a graduate of Yale College and Seminary. His examination evinced extensive research, independence, and clearness of thought, and an earnest consecration to his work. He enters upon his ministry under the most auspicious circumstances. His own people are unanimous and enthusiastic in their choice; while the pastors and members of the neighboring churches have given him a cordial and fraternal welcome. M. T.

OHIO—Columbus.—Pursuant to letters missive, an ecclesiastical council met with the First Congregational church, Columbus, Jan. 16, for the purpose of examining and, if deemed expedient, of ordaining to the work of the Gospel ministry Brother Smith Curtis, a graduate of Union Theological Seminary, and recently elected chaplain of the 67th Reg. O. V. M.

The examination was conducted principally by Rev. Henry M. Storrs of Cincinnati, moderator of council. A large audience assembled in the evening to witness the ordination services. These were deeply solemn and impressive.

Reading Scriptures and Introductory Prayer, Rev. E. P. Goodwin, Columbus; Sermon, Rev. H. M. Storrs, Cincinnati; Ordaining Prayer, Rev. L. Kelsey, Columbus; Charge, Rev. S. W. Root, Springfield; Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. J. E. Twitchell, Dayton; Benediction, Rev. Smith Curtis.

Brother Smith enters upon his labors with the confidence and sympathy of the Miami Conference, whose prayers will follow him amid the joys and trials of his new life. May God bless him, and give him many souls as seals of his ministry.

I might add as an item of interest, that in the church at Columbus, over which Rev. Mr. Goodwin is the beloved pastor, there is at the present time an apparent work of grace in progress—already manifest in the hopeful conversion of quite a number from the Sabbath-school. Pastor and people seem to be awake, and are hoping for a large shower of divine grace. There is in all the Congregational churches of this valley an unusual seriousness and earnestness, which we hope is but the preparation on our part for the blessing soon to come. SCRIBE OF COUNCIL.

MICHIGAN—Franklin.—The new house of worship erected by the Congregational church at Franklin, Lenawee county, Mich., was dedicated on the 2d inst. The sermon was preached by Rev. L. Smith Hobart of Hudson. Several of the neighboring ministers assisted in the dedicatory services. A neat house, in a farming community, that will seat about 300 persons, built at a cost of $2,000, without aid, and paid for.

ILLINOIS—Home Mission Agent.—Rev. J. W. Cunningham having resigned the Agency of the American Home Missionary Society in Indiana, and Rev. A. Kent having resigned that for Northern Illinois, the Society has appointed Rev. J. E. Roy of Chicago Agent for Northern Illinois and Northern Indiana. Mr. Roy has resigned the Secretaryship of the Western Agency of the American Missionary Association to accept the above appointment, and has entered upon its duties.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Calvary Church, San Francisco.—A call has been extended by the Calvary church, San Francisco, to Rev. C. Wadsworth, D.D., of Philadelphia, to become their pastor. The call was made on the occasion that it would be accepted. Dr. Wadsworth has been for many years one of the most popular and attractive preachers of Philadelphia, and in a thousand respects different from his predecessor. His power consists in his being a brilliant preacher. As a pastor he scarcely does anything. He makes no calls; attends few, if any prayer-meetings; is never seen on public occasions; keeps away from presbyteries and synods as much as he can; in private relations and intercourse is singularly modest, but in the pulpit is king. We learn that though he has been one of the conservative men of the North, yet since the war he stands on the side of his country, and from that position no man, or set of men, can drive him. The friends of the Government, as well as the friends of the Sunday law, and other public interests, will have in him a friend, at least not an enemy.—*Pacific.*

Light in New Granada.—Rev. W. E. Maclaren, an excellent missionary at Bogota, in the service of the General Assembly's Board of Foreign Missions, states that he has been seventeen months in the country, fourteen of which had been spent at Bogota. During all this time he had been in the midst of war, and had been much hindered in the work of the Lord. But that work has been progressing in the meantime most wonderfully. He that rules and reigns has been ordering events for the promotion of his own glory, and New Granada has taken a long step toward her emancipation from the despotism of Rome. "I now look forward," says Mr. M., "to the future with great hope, and believe that if peace be fully established, Protestantism will make rapid strides. The truth is, according to my observation, there are hundreds of men throughout this country who are Protestants in sentiment, and who await the proper time to declare themselves such." Mr. M. thinks that the present Government of the country is eminently favorable to religious freedom. Under it the despotic tendencies of the hierarchy have received a severe check, and the monastic system its death-blow.

UNITARIAN.

The Bicentenary Celebration.—At a meeting of Unitarians of the neighborhood held on the 24th inst. at Manchester, Eng., Mr. Alderman Mackie in the chair, the resolution was proposed by Rev. W. Gaskell: 'That our sincere tribute of admiration is due to the two thousand ministers who, on St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662, gave up their livings in the English Church, and cast themselves with their wives and children on the world, rather than lend their sanction to what they did not hold to be true, and that, in testimony of our reverence for them and our grateful sense of the religious freedom which their fidelity has helped to render us, we will gladly embrace the opportunity which the bicentenary of their noble conduct presents, to raise some fit memorial of it.' Before the resolution was put, Dr. Beard moved that the contemplated hall should be called 'Newcome Hall,' out of respect to Rev. H. Newcome, who was ejected from the old church, now the Cathedral of Manchester, and was highly respected by the whole population of Manchester. But the motion met no second, and the original resolution was adopted.

Sales of Pews.—In the sale of pews for the year in Rev. E. E. Hale's new church on Union Park, Boston, the premiums ranged from $240 to $1; in Rev. Dr. Gannett's new church, the highest premium on the permanent sale of pews was $1,130, and the sales amounted to $51,095.

METHODIST.

Emigration to Hayti.—Rev. Mark B. Bird, missionary at Port au Prince, Hayti, writes: "I was at St. Mark's a few days since, and was very much pleased with the immigrants, of whom there are about fifteen hundred already arrived. During my visit there I got them together, and spoke to them on the importance of their position and enterprise. About half a million of them would be a great blessing to this country. I found a good feeling among them, and a disposition to face their difficulties. Many of them assured me that the Government had greatly exceeded all it had ever promised, and many of them are now hard at work on their lands. Next year I hope there will be a fine exportation of cotton from St. Mark's."—*Advocate and Journal.*

Death of Rev. J. W. Lewis, Hayti.—By a letter in *The Pine and Palm*, we learn of the death of Rev. John W. Lewis, at Hayti, on the 29th of August. He went to Hayti, it may be remembered, at the head of a company, some of whom seemed to be earnest Christians, and who, having been members of different churches in this country, united themselves together in church relations just before starting for Hayti. Mr. Lewis was to be their pastor, and, it was expected, would perform other missionary labor there. He received some aid from our treasury. He was much respected in Hayti, and his death is sincerely regretted by the Government and people.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Church in a Prison.—In the Northern Indiana prison, at Michigan City, much religious interest has been manifested during the last three months, and a number of hopeful conversions have occurred. Sixteen have been examined for admission to a church about to be organized in the prison, and a number more are to be examined. Meetings for prayer have been held twice a week, and a Sabbath-school every Sabbath morning. The Holy Spirit hath indeed unbarred the gates of this prison, and given the freedom of Christ to those bound.

Protestants in Brazil.—Rev. Mr. Holden, a missionary of the American Episcopal Church at Para, a city in the North, on one of the many mouths of the Amazon, has of late been much hindered in his work by the Bishop of that place. In fact, matters have come to a regular newspaper discussion, in which a Para correspondent of one of the Rio de Janeiro papers seems disposed to think the Bishop has gained no great honor. In answer to his charge, that Protestantism leads to immorality, Mr. Holden gives the statistics of Italy, Spain, Austria, and other Papal countries, side by side with those of England, the United States, and other Protestant lands. It is clear that Mr. H. understands his work.—*Christian World.*

Scriptural Dinner.—*The Ohio State Journal* relates a pleasing incident that took place on Christmas day in Columbus. A number of humane Christian ladies prepared a Christmas dinner, to which they invited the poor, the maimed, the halt, and the blind. The assemblage about the dinner-table was an interesting sight. Pleasure beamed in every face. Chords of sympathy between the rich and the poor were touched that brought them nearer to each other. The authors of the feast, as they witnessed the joy that beamed in every countenance, felt that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Missions among the Poor.—The Tract Missionary Society, under the leadership of A. R. Wetmore, now entering on the thirty-fifth year of its history, assembled in the Broadway Tabernacle church, (Dr. Thompson's,) on Tuesday evening. Statements were made by Mr. Lederer, missionary to the Jews, and Messrs. Hett, Camp, Rusten, and Spencer, missionaries of the First, Sixth, Eighteenth, and Twenty-first Wards, showing the working of this organization among the masses, and the good accomplished, both to the bodies and souls of the poor, ignorant, and neglected. The statistics presented were fully up to the usual average.—*Times.*

Religion in the Army.—*The National Republican* of the 10th ult. pays a high tribute to the army of the Potomac. It says: "The moral and religious tone of the grand Union army of the Potomac has no parallel in the history of armies; prayer-meetings and religious organizations are common in almost every regiment, and, perhaps, in every one where the chaplain is a pious man."

Revival at Valatie, N. Y.—Rev. Wm. Whittaker writes to *The Evangelist*: "Your numerous Christian readers will be glad to learn that the Lord has graciously smiled upon the Presbyterian church of this place, and blessed the efforts of his servants in pointing sinners to the Lamb of God, and in reclaiming the wandering. For the last three weeks meetings have been held for mutual exhortation and prayer, of a deeply solemn and impressive character, and as the result a number of souls have been hopefully converted to God."

MINISTERIAL AND CHURCH REGISTER.

AMES—Rev. W. W. Ames, formerly pastor of the Baptist church at Greenfield, has been appointed chaplain of the Wisconsin State Prison.

ARNOLD—Rev. Edward Arnold, a grandson of the traitor, Benedict Arnold, and rector of an Established church in Hertfordshire, England, has inherited lands in Canada which were given to his grandfather by the British Government, and which are now found to be worth over $200,000 to him.

AUSTIN—Rev. Mr. Austin, formerly tutor in Middlebury College, and late of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was licensed to preach by the Addison Association.

BALDWIN—Rev. A. E. Baldwin has resigned the charge of the Congregational church in Akron, O.

BEANE—Mr. Samuel C. Beane was ordained over the Unitarian parish of Chicopee, Mass., on Wednesday, Jan. 15, the sermon being preached by Rev. E. E. Hale of Boston.

BLOOD—Rev. John Blood is to terminate his engagement with the church at Huntington, Ct., the last of March.

BONNEY—Rev. T. P. Bonney has received a unanimous call from the First Presbyterian church at Parsippany, N. J.

BRITTAIN—Rev. James B. Brittain, late rector of Grace church, Madison, is now chaplain of the 11th Wisconsin Regiment.

BROWN—Mr. Samuel W. Brown was ordained in Rindge, N. H., Dec. 31, 1861, as an evangelist, to labor in South Coventry, Ct.

BURLEY—Rev. John H. W. Burley, a local preacher of good standing, has been appointed agent by the minister and trustees of A. M. E. church of New Haven, Ct.

BUSH—Rev. Geo. C. Bush has resigned the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian church at Stewartsville, N. J., and accepted a call from the church at Hackettstown, N. J.

BUTLER—Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D., recently of Washington, has taken temporary charge of the Church of the Advent.

CAMPBELL—The post-office of the Rev. W. W. Campbell is changed from Fairmount, Va., to Uniontown, Pa.

CARSON—Rev. W. P. Carson's post-office address is changed from Winnebago, Ill., to Epworth, Iowa.

CASE—Rev. Rufus Case has resigned the pastoral charge of the Congregational church in West Lebanon, on account of feeble health.

CHAPEL—Rev. Mr. Chapel, one of the most influential ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Missouri, and said to be chaplain to Gen. Price, was brought into St. Louis with 1,000 prisoners recently captured by Gen. Pope.

CHENEY—The editor of *The Evangel*, and pastor of the First Baptist church, San Francisco, Rev. D. B. Cheney, is compelled by illness to suspend all labor for a time.

CHESTER—Rev. C. H. Chester is about removing from Geneva to Havana, N. Y., to the Presbyterian church.

COGSWELL—Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the faithful and learned superintendent of the Astor Library, has resigned his office, which for many years he has so ably filled.

CRAWFORD—Rev. J. Agnew Crawford was installed pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian church in Brooklyn.

CUNNINGHAM—Rev. Dr. Cunningham, one of the most prominent ministers of the Free Church of Scotland, has recently died.

DANE—Miss Harriet Dane, who went as nurse with the 2d New Hampshire, has been appointed Matron of the Douglas Hospital in Washington, a responsible position which she is well qualified to fill.

DAVIS—Rev. Thomas Davis closes his pastoral relation with the Baptist church in Lafayette, N. J.

DICKSON—Rev. Thomas Dickson has received a call from Wheatland congregation, Tamarack, Ill.

DOUGLAS—The post-office address of Rev. J. Douglas is changed from Rutland to Watertown, N. Y.

DRAKE—Rev. J. M. Drake of the Zanesville Presbytery, has been appointed chaplain of the First Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

DULING—Rev. R. M. Duling was ordained recently an evangelist, at Chatham, Canada West.

DYKES—Rev. Mr. Dykes has been inducted as colleague and successor to Dr. Candlish, Edinburgh.

EDWARDS—The post-office address of Rev. John Edwards is changed from Wheelock, Choctaw Nation, to San Francisco, Cal.

ESTABROOK—Rev. William W. Estabrook, M.D., deacon, has been appointed chaplain of the 15th Iowa Regiment.

FREEMAN—The Presbyterian church of Harmony, New Jersey, have given a call to Rev. D. K. Freeman of Danville, Ky.

HARVEY—Rev. W. Nye Harvey of Milford has accepted a call from the church in Wilton, to succeed Rev. Mr. Dimock, now of Pittsfield, Mass.

HEWES—Mr. James T. Hewes, a graduate in the last class of the Cambridge Divinity School, has accepted a unanimous invitation to become pastor of the Hawes-place Unitarian society, in South Boston.

HUNTINGTON—Rev. B. S. Huntington of the Episcopal Floating church, New York, has accepted a call to the rectorship of St. Paul's church, Flatbush, L. I.

KOONTS—Rev. S. C. Koonts was ordained pastor of the Baptist church, Salisbury, Herkimer co., N. Y., on the 8th inst.

LANDON—Rev. George Landon, formerly of the New England Conference, is now a member of the Pennsylvania Senate.

LEONARD—The chaplain of the Maine 3d Regiment, Rev. Henry C. Leonard, has been put under arrest for reproving one of the officers of the regiment for profane swearing.

LEYBURN—Rev. Dr. Leyburn has been appointed by the Southern Assembly Secretary of Domestic Missions, the office of which is to be located in New Orleans.

LITTLE—Rev. Charles Little, formerly missionary of the American Board in Madura, Southern India, was, on Wednesday, the 8th of January, installed pastor of the Congregational church in Cheshire, Ct.

LOOMIS—President Loomis, of Lewisburg University, is afflicted deeply by the loss, within a few weeks, of three children by diphtheria, the oldest ten years of age.

LUSK—The Second church, Newark, Ohio, is supplied by Mr. William Lusk, Jr., a recent graduate of Princeton.

MACK—Rev. D. A. Mack of Royalton, Vt., (Methodist,) has been appointed chaplain of the 3d Vermont Regiment, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of the Rev. Mr. Parmalee.

MASON—Rev. Edward B. Mason, son of the late T. B. Mason, Esq., of Cincinnati, is engaged for the Congregational church of Ravenna, Ohio.

MAYER—Rev. Gustavus W. Mayer has taken charge of St. Luke's church, Alleghany co., Pa.

MILLER—Elder J. H. Miller of Bloomfield, Pa., accepted a call from the Baptist church, Frewsburg, N. Y.

M'INTIRE—Rev. Thos. M'Intire, of the Ohio Conference, has been appointed chaplain of the 53d Regiment, now at Camp Dimond.

MONTGOMERY—Rev. William W. Montgomery has entered upon the rectorship of Grace church, Lyons, Wayne co., N. Y.

MOORE—Rev. Henry D. Moore of Portland, formerly of Portsmouth, has been elected chaplain of the 13th Regiment of Maine Volunteers.

PADELFORD—The Third Baptist church, Providence, many years under the care of Rev. T. C. Jameson, have invited Rev. A. Judson Padelford, of Rochester University, to be their pastor.

PAGE—The Rev. James J. Page having left Brownsville, Pa., and removed to Virginia, requests all letters and papers for him to be directed to Clarksburg, Harrison co., Va.

QUINCY—The venerable Josiah Quincy, the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard, will be ninety years old on the 4th of February.

REMINGTON—Brother Wm. Remington, Jr., was ordained at Weedsport, N. Y., Oct. 16.

RICHARDS—Rev. Austin Richards, D.D., of Nashua, is laid aside from his labors by impaired eyesight.

SCULLY—Father Scully, chaplain of the 9th Massachusetts Regiment, is sick in the hospital at Georgetown.

SERVICE—Rev. John Service of New York was installed at New Kingston, N. Y., as pastor of the U. P. church.

SMITH—Rev. Carlos Smith of Tallmadge has been called to fill the vacancy at Akron, O.

STYLE—Rev. E. W. Syle has taken temporary charge of Trinity church, Washington, D. C.

TOLFORD—Rev. D. W. Tolford, Iowa City, is chaplain of the 10th Iowa Regiment.

TYLER—The labors of Rev. A. H. Tyler with the Congregationalist church in South Freeport will close on the last Sabbath of the present month.

WHITING—Rev. Samuel M. Whiting, late missionary to Assam, has received a call to the Baptist church in Colchester, Vt.

WILLIAMS—Rev. John Williams died at Delavan, Wis., Dec. 25, in the fortieth year of his age.

WOLCOTT—Rev. Sam'l Wolcott of Chicago, formerly of Providence, has received a unanimous call from the Plymouth Congregational church of Cleveland, O.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ITALY.

Progress of Protestantism During the Past Year.

During the year just closed, evangelical Protestantism has again made considerable progress in Italy. If any fears were entertained that the death of Count Cavour would endanger the civil rights of Protestants, they were soon dispelled by the firm and noble attitude of the new Italian Prime Minister, Baron Ricasoli, who is not only like Cavour a firm advocate and admirer of civil liberty, but an even more ardent protector of religious freedom, and, so it is reported, a regular reader of the Bible. Garibaldi, though his personal religious belief is supposed not to be in accordance with the doctrines of evangelical Christianity, has often taken occasion during the past year to express his earnest devotion to the cause of religious liberty, and his opposition to the spiritual as well as the temporal sovereignty of the Pope; and in Naples he has liberally patronized the planting of an evangelical church. Gavazzi has openly embraced Protestantism, though he may avoid the name, against which most of the Italians are greatly prejudiced, and he has devoted, during the whole year, his great talents to the evangelization of his native country. At the close of the year, he had taken apartments in Florence, where he held four meetings each week—two on Sunday, the other two on Tuesday and Friday evenings. On Sunday morning he was expounding the Scriptures, while on the other evenings his addresses were controversial. His telling exposures of the errors of the Church of Rome were attracting large crowds, and many were obliged to leave disappointed; but he had to bring them, for the present, to a close on Dec. 23, because a suit has been brought against him for attacking the religion of the state. In some places the local magistrates were still lending their influence to the priests for the suppression of Protestant teaching and worship, but the appeals to the State Ministry for protection were generally successful. In the Parliament, also, which counts among its members the distinguished Protestant professor, Mazzarella, and six Jews, religious liberty found warm advocates, and it was regarded as certain that public opinion would pronounce itself more and more decidedly in favor of religious liberty.

New Stations and Schools.

All parts of the Peninsula are now occupied either by the Waldenses or the Italian Evangelical Association. On the missionary operations of the Waldenses an interesting report was made by their Committee of Evangelization at their late Synod in May. Their evangelist at Pignerol was sent to Naples, where it had been written that a Waldensian evangelist was a desideratum. Finding, however, that at Naples there were already two men engaged in evangelization, he went on to Palermo, where there was not a single laborer, neither among the Roman Catholics nor even Protestants. Palermo has now been fixed upon as a new station—the evangelist who is at work there having succeeded in gathering around him a small knot of twenty-five to thirty Sicilians, who regularly attend his ministry. At the new station of Aosta for some time nearly 130 persons attended; but in consequence of some troubles consequent on the death and burial of a Protestant colporter, Dora, the number diminished. These matters being settled, and a place of burial assigned to non-Catholics, the number of persons attending on the evangelical services has again increased, and in several villages in the neighborhood there is a good attendance. Milan was naturally fixed upon as a suitable center for the evangelization of Lombardy. The evangelist who is there employed goes to preach at Bergamo every evening, visits the soldiers at Pavia, and goes once a month to Brescia. This place has also been fixed upon as a station. The enmity of the priests raised an uproar against a colporter who had formed small reunions, but the Government protected him, and he was permitted to labor as an assistant to the evangelist of Milan at this interesting station, which he may be said to have created. Leghorn is one of the most promising of the new stations—the number of auditors being so great that the meeting-room, holding 200 persons, has been found too small, and a larger one bought. Pisa for some time was a very promising station; the number of auditors rose to seventy; but a spirit of dissension unhappily arose, which caused a split in the congregation and the temporary closing of the school, which was, however, to be reopened toward the close of the year. Florence is naturally the place where the evangelical laborers of Tuscany have a rallying point. Two Waldensian evangelists worked there successively during the years 1859 and 1860, but under the pressure of much difficulty. The Waldensian Theological College, which was transferred to Florence at the end of the year 1860, has entered into its second year with an increased number of students, among whom are four ex-priests, and bids fair to become more and more a nursery of Protestant missionaries for all Italy. The Claudiana printing-press of the Waldenses, together with their ably conducted bi-monthly, *La Buona Novella*, were likewise at the beginning of the present year to be located at Florence, which is thus becoming more and more the center and capital of Italian Protestantism. Very recently an interesting movement has taken place in Elba, in the town of Porte Ferrajo and in the villages of Longone and Rio. In Porte Ferrajo alone a number regularly attend the meetings, but a system of practical annoyance and persecution has unfortunately arrested the progress of the movement to a considerable extent.

A second theological college has been opened under the auspices of the Italian Evangelical Association at Genoa. It will be under the superintendence of two of the best known and most deserved converts from the Roman Catholic Church, Dr. de Sanctis and Professor Mazzarella. The latter, as a correspondent of *The News of the Churches* states, was to exchange his chair of philosophy in the University of Bologna for that in the University of Genoa, to the duties of which he was to add those of a lecturer in theology.

Circulation of the Bible and of Protestant Literature—Protestant Periodicals.

While the new stations and schools which have been founded in all parts of Italy show that there has been an actual progress of Protestantism, the eminent success of Protestant literature is an incontestable proof that the way has been prepared for still greater results. The Bible continues to command a ready sale. Mr. Bruce, the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, estimates that the sale of the Holy Scriptures during the year 1861 will not fall short of what it was last year, viz., 30,000. He has about 30 colporters employed in various parts of Italy. The National Bible Society of Scotland has at present 16 colporters employed, who sold, from Jan. 1 to Nov. 30, 3,361 Bibles and Testaments. Both societies adhere to the rule of selling at a very moderate price, but never giving away *gratis*; hence the numbers of Bibles disposed of by their colporters bear conclusive testimony that a spirit of earnest inquiry has been roused.

Beside the Bible an extraordinary number of other religious books has been circulated. The colporters of the Scottish National Bible Society alone have sold during the first eleven months of the year more than 40,000 volumes. Of the popular Almanac (Amica di Casa) compiled by Dr. de Sanctis, which a few years ago appeared in an edition of 5,000 or 6,000 copies, 80,000 copies have been this year published, and there was a fair prospect of the whole edition being exhausted. The Waldensian printing-press at Turin has been publishing new editions of standard works like "Lucilla" and the "Historic Improbability of St. Peter's Voyage to Rome." The young but energetic committee at Naples has furnished several tractates on the Mass, Papal infallibility, and the worship of the saints. The Scotch ministers in Tuscany have been especially eager in encouraging the Protestant literature of Italy, and the list of their publications comprises works by McDuff, Newman Hall, Merle D'Aubigné, as well as by the natives, De Sanctis, Geymonat, and Ribetti. In order to make their operations still more efficient, other brethren have associated with them, and at a meeting held in Florence in the first week of January, a society was formed, of which Dr. Revel was appointed President, to be called "The Italian Evangelical Publication Society." A work of special interest for the Italian Protestants, and all their friends and sympathizers, is a brief history of the Waldenses by Paul Geymonat, Professor of Evangelical Theology at Florence. The author desires by this sketch to make known the Waldenses to the new provinces of the Italian kingdom, where their history and doctrines are but little known. Great expectations are also raised by the announcement of a new work of this De Sanctis, which was to be commenced at the beginning of the present month, (February,) in the form of a weekly dialogue. It will probably extend over two or three years, and will form a complete course of religious instruction. Although the press has been but lately freed from the censorship of secular and ecclesiastical authorities, the number of Protestant books and pamphlets is already so great as to have called for a catalogue of evangelical Protestant works. Such a catalogue was printed in Florence in May last, since which time at least an additional page might be added to it.

Together with Protestant literature in general, the periodical press shows signs of gratifying progress. The time-honored organ of the Waldenses, the bi-monthly *Buona Novella*, will shortly be transferred to Florence, and edited by a Tuscan lawyer of ability, Tito Chiesi, assisted by Professor Geymonat. On the 1st of June, another periodical, illustrated by elegant wood-cuts, entitled *Letture di Famiglie*, (Family Readings,) was begun by the Rev. David Kay, Scotch minister in Genoa, with the praiseworthy intention of introducing into Italian families, where French novels are now largely read, a literature which may be safely put into the hands of children as well as adults. The numbers which have been thus far published fully sustain its reputation. In November still another religious journal made its appearance at Turin, with the title, *Chiesa Libera in Libero Stato* (A Free Church in a Free State.) It is edited by Signor Manina, a priest, who co-operates with the High Church party of England in their endeavors to reduce the jurisdiction of the Pope to the diocese of Rome, and then recognize him as a bishop of the "Catholic" Church. These movements are of some importance, as large numbers of priests are known to be associated for demanding radical reforms in the Church, without being as yet ready to openly abandon the Church and the name "Catholic."

Editors' Book Table.

PILGRIMS OF FASHION. A novel. By Kinahan Cornwallis. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1862. 12mo. pp. 337.—An inane story; a tale of English society. It is impossible for us to conceive how the shrewd publishers, in such times as these, have been prevailed upon to put forth such a very poor novel.

THE WRITING READER, comprising in the different handwritings of the present day selections from standard authors. Designed for the use of schools and families. By T. Gilbert and F. Prass. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo, pp. 156. Copyrighted, we observe, in 1858. This is a curious volume, intended and well adapted to afford to young people practice in reading manuscript. It is lithographed in fac-simile of a remarkable variety of real handwritings, very well selected, though to the severely experienced editorial eye presenting no very desperate problems in cacography.

GOLDEN FRUIT FROM BIBLE TREES. By F. N. Zabriskie. New York: A. D. F. Randolph. 1861. 12mo. pp. 159.—A didactic work, composed for children, in which good and evil actions and thoughts are distinguished, and the readers industriously warned to avoid the one and practice the other. The thoughts are grouped by the aid of the Tree of Knowledge, the Burning Bush, Jonah's Gourd, and other biblical vegetables. It is doubtful whether the young will willingly or profitably swallow so much hortatory theology so very thinly sugared.

MIDNIGHT CHIMES; or, The Voice of Hope. By the author of "Memorials of Captain Hedley Vicars." New York: Carter & Brothers. 1862. 24mo, pp. 32, 27, and 29.—Three little tracts by the same author, carelessly thrown together under a title-page belonging only to the first. The others are "Brave, Kind, and Happy," and "Ready." They are evidently written for English readers, are full of the enthusiastic, real religious feeling which illuminated the memoir of Capt. Vicars, and are judiciously interspersed with anecdote.

WORDS OF CHEER FOR THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. By Mrs. H. E. Brown.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE SOLDIER AND THE CHRISTIAN. By Merle Vernon.—HINTS TO OFFICERS IN THE ARMY AND NAVY. By Merle Vernon.—THE SOLDIER'S MANUAL; or, Scripture Readings, with Prayers, Hymns, and Reflections.—These four little 32mo tracts of 64 pages each, are issued by

The Independent.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1862.

ONE MONTH.—Our Publisher received the names of Four Thousand and Ninety-seven new subscribers to *The Independent*, with the money, during the month of January—all new names. That will do.

A BLACK MAN'S VIEW OF THE WAR.—Frederick Douglass will lecture at Cooper Institute, Wednesday evening, February 12, at 8 o'clock, on the war, and its relation to white and black men. We hope a full house will listen to one of the ablest of orators.

DELIBERATION is very proper in so grave a step as that of expelling a man from his seat in the United States Senate, provided J. D. Bright is expelled as the result of deliberation. His political life has been a twenty years' period of wriggling uselessness. He came to eminence as snails and dead shell-fish are lifted up by volcanic agencies upon mountain ridges. If he shall be expelled, the only straightforward passage of his public life will be his march from his seat to the door of the Senate Chamber.

MANY A MOTHER has prayed for years that God would accept her son. Now God in his providence calls for that son, and the mother is unwilling. She has prayed that he might be useful. An opportunity has come of doing more in a year than is ordinarily compressed in a lifetime; and parental love rebels against the opportunity. The mother will not let her son volunteer. And when the fear of death is on a mother, every son of half a score is an only son. She who has been praying God to open doors of usefulness is now refusing to let her sons enter, and is as busy in shutting the doors as she was importunate that they should be opened.

THE STRUGGLE OF THE SOUL is little revealed in prosperity. But now there are thousands of Christians that are caught fast in the midst of the Lord's Prayer, and cannot get further than "*Thy will be done!*" They now have some idea of the dreadful grandeur involved in that petition. That prayer is like a still-flowing stream to all who have yielded their will wholly to God; but until they have, there are rapids in it; and many a hope, and many a heart, has upset in plunging over.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY'S APPEAL.

AT the request of the Senior Secretary, Wm. A. Hallock, we cheerfully give space for the Appeal of the American Tract Society at New York.

In the beginning of its career that Society filled a sphere which nothing else could so well fill. It also achieved much good. In more recent years it has lost largely the confidence of the Christian community by adhering to a principle which must always and inevitably destroy, sooner or later, the moral power of any institution that undertakes to apply Christianity to human society. The Tract Society is a pulpit speaking by type. It is the most comprehensive Minister of the Gospel that ever was ordained. One single man preaching, with one single voice, to a few people, is, compared to a society speaking by a million books to a whole continent, what a gardener's watering-pot, in a small garden, in summer's drought, is to a mighty moving rain that wets a whole hemisphere! Men grow weary; books never. Ministers grow old and die; books are reborn with every motion of the press. The malaria cannot poison the printed page. Fevers that depopulate districts, leave books and tracts untouched. The Printing-Press is a wondrous womb, whose countless children are born without ailments, without temptation, without weariness, and by resupply without death! How wondrous is this engine, the Press! Confined in some blackened and smeared room—its voice but a clatter and noise—the preaching Press, never seeing its audience, witless and blind, is yet speaking to the whole world, and to every man, in the tongue wherein he was born. Under the pavements in New York, you shall hear a dull rattle today; but ere long, in Greece, that sound shall be the living language of that people; to-morrow, that smothered sound shall speak in Italian; on Wednesday, it shall bear back to the nations of the North, in their own tongue, a Gospel which has disenchanted Woden's-day of its heathen associations. Strange miracle, that out of a muffled, subterranean noise, go forth the clear enunciations of a hundred languages! These printing vaults that jar the sidewalks are the regulated earthquakes that shake down only evil things, and awake the world, not to terror, but to salvation.

No man can be enough grateful that such a moral power as Christianity has such an engine of propagation and enforcement as the Press. And no men upon the earth have such responsibility to God and to men, as those who are authorized by the churches of Christ to preach the Gospel to the world through the Printing-Press!

If the American Tract Society of New York had come before the churches, not as a *Gospel-publishing society*, but as attempting some special and defined section of Gospel teaching;—if it had been a mere republishing society of old divines; an ecclesiological society; a doctrinal book and tract society; an antiquarian Christian publishing association, no one could have complained that it neglected duty in not having spoken of the sins and duties that stood around slavery. It might, then, have published such parts of Egyptian memorials as threw light upon Hebrew slavery without being bound to touch modern servitude. It might have published the scrawls and relics of Christian art gathered from the subterranean galleries of Rome; or the fragments of early Tuscan art; or legends of the deluge; or the probable hight of the Tower of Babel.

But the American Tract Society comes to the churches as a whole-Gospel publishing society. It undertakes by books, tracts, and colporters to apply Christian truth to the sins and duties of men.

And, we ask and demand, not that it should discuss nice philosophies, obscure doctrine, or doubtful casuistries; but, that it should plainly declare the doctrine of Christ against oppression, enforced ignorance, adultery, concubinage, the annulling of the parental relation, the destruction of the family, and the translation of millions of men downward into the category of cattle and stocks. Is there any doubt among good men whether the Gospel forbids such evils? We do not ask this to be an abolition publishing society, nor an anti-slavery society, but that it shall give to slavery at least as much attention as is bestowed upon the evils of tobacco, of swearing, and of dancing. For more than forty years this Gospel-publishing society has so declared the truth that no one can yet tell whether it believes slavery to be sinful.

Under the severe and wide-spread criticism to which the American Tract Society of New York have exposed themselves, for their failure to apply Christianity to slavery, the managers have justified themselves by pleading an organic restriction. They profess that they are barred from publishing anything *not calculated to meet the approbation of all evangelical Christians*. Such a rule is in itself vicious and demoralizing, and must inevitably entail upon the Society moral delinquencies.

Every time Christian truth casts in a force upon society, it disturbs some old equilibrium, and raises dust of doubt. Every Christian truth well aimed is like a shot in the woods, that not only brings down some savage beast, but starts from the covert a thousand birds, and plunges from their hiding-places terror-stricken owls or hawks, and fills the whole resounding forest with echoes of the gun, and flap of wing and screams or chatters of frighted birds. The Gospel truly urged inspires doubts, fears, questions, struggles, conflicts; and peace comes at length, as the white blossom of a scraggy thorn-tree comes, a sweet and unexpected ending of that which had, through all its growth, been hard and wounding. It is the inevitable nature of Christian truth to breed uncertainties on the road to certainty, disputes and then settlement, differences and then unity. And though these disturbances in one way divide good men from bad men, they also divide good men among themselves. There was never a good work whose inception was not cloudy. If this is true of the elucidation of truth itself, it is even more noticeably true of the application of truth as an ethical law to practical affairs.

If good men had refused to utter truths that were not calculated to meet the approbation of all evangelical Christians, we should have been to-day nodding and becking in a round of superstitious ceremonies, with a Pope between us and God large enough to throw shadow and eclipse upon the whole orb of truth. It was because men *would* and *did* preach truths in advance of the understandings and consciences of their fellow-Christians, that England had a William of Occam, a Wickliffe, and a Tyndal; that Italy had a Savonarola, Hungary a Huss, France a Calvin, and the world a Luther.

A society that adopts a principle so unchristian as this, begins its journey by tieing up its feet. It pledges itself in advance to fall behind its work. But a Christian teacher cannot be stationary. Like a hunter, he must go forward, if for nothing else, to pick up his game. He is a soldier, and must march. But no. The American Tract Society of New York have been like an army that had sworn not to fire where there was any smoke, and the very first round filling the air with smoke, stopped their battle! Rash and untempered tongues have charged this Society with being under the dominion of Satan. Manifestly not. Satan is not a fool. He fires, and all his host fire, through smoke and murky confusion as well as in clear air. He is Prince of the Powers of air, and he pushes his conquests through all moods of calm or storm. It is only the American Tract Society that preach a Gospel that by the decree of its Founder must divide men, with a vow that it will stop preaching at the first appearance of division!

Our readers must not infer that we think the managers of this Society to be bad men. They are simply men that do not understand their business. A man may be weak without being wicked. We hope that men who cannot see will not be judged with men who will not see. Even the apostle taught us how gently we should deal with such. "*For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat. For every one that useth milk is unskillful in the word of righteousness, for he is a babe.*" Wherefore we think the Tract House is a very orphan asylum.

In saying that they do not understand their business, we do not desire to prejudice their claim to a rare skill in all the pious dexterities of ingeniously illusive writing. Some future editor of Machiavelli's works might expound and illustrate many of that saint's maxims by adding as notes, or appendixes, many of the circulars and appeals of the managers of the American Tract Society of New York. We know not where to look for specimens of seeming to say without saying; of sentences so adroitly framed that their literal form shall not offend one side, while their subtle inference shall beguile the other side. Indeed, it is a very difficult task just now for the American Tract Society of New York—having, like other commercial firms, lost their whole Southern custom, and being obliged to fill their treasury from men now thoroughly anti-slavery,—without losing sympathy with those who secretly yearn toward the South and its benignant institutions—to steer in a "manner calculated to meet the approbation" of both sides.

We must call attention to a few sentences in the "RESULTS" published in another column. Dr. De Witt signs the document as chairman. We presume he is only the medium, while Dr. Hallock does the rapping.

"So far as the rebellion is one of the fruits of "slavery, it is a gratifying fact that, while the So-"ciety, on the one hand, has issued nothing to irri-"tate, on the other it has issued no line or word in "any way favoring that system." We should like to ask Dr. De Witt, Brother Hallock, Brother Eastman, and Rev. J. M. Stevenson, whether this rebellion *is*, in their judgment, "one of the fruits of slavery?" A careless reader would suppose that to be the meaning of the first line. But there is an adroit "so far," which shifts the switch, and lets them on to either track. We protest against the Society standing on both tracks at once. Is this rebellion a fruit of slavery or is it not? People who are to pay money for the publication of influential reading have a right and duty to know whether it will be used to favor or condemn the monstrous wickedness of this Southern slaveholding rebellion.

We are struck, too, with the gratulation of a body of men set apart to preach the whole Gospel of Christ by the almost omnipotent force of the press, who proclaim it as a "gratifying fact" that they have so done it as not to "*irritate*" the "system" of slavery! We candidly believe that few men on earth are keen and smart enough, for a long series of years, to publish a wilderness of Christian books without once offending the devil, in the greatest stronghold of his power. But we believe that the Tract House Managers have succeeded; and they think so too. And yet it has been done so deftly, that "not a line or word any way favoring that system" has been printed. What would be thought if the Board of Physicians of the Hospital for Inebriates at Binghamton, in a report to their patrons, should say, "So far as drunkenness is one of the fruits of grog-shops, it is a gratifying fact that, while the Board on the one hand has done nothing to irritate, on the other it has issued no line or word in any way favoring a system of grog-shops?" Are these the words of plain, straightforward men, speaking in simplicity? Or are we hearing Signor Blitz rehearsing to Hermann how exquisitely he had bewildered and beguiled his credulous audience?

But now, what of the future? The whole North has had its eyes opened to the connection between slavery and this Government; between slavery and the undermining of law and the Constitution; between slavery and rebellion and civil war. Every man in the loyal states sees that slavery has been able to rise up in the terrible power of wickedness, and to paralyze the industry of the people, to multiply a millionfold all the engines of war, and to tax this nation a thousand million dollars a year. This generation will die with that collar of debt around its neck which bankrupt slavery placed there! And men naturally inquire what a great Christian Publishing Society are going to say and do in the future. The Society meet that question. Let a confiding man embark a hundred times on the sentence that we shall quote, and we defy him to tell on which bank he lands, or whether he has gone up stream or down stream:

"In enforcing the duties which grow out of its [slavery] existence, and condemning those plain sins and manifest evils which are connected with it, [slavery,] the Committee desire in the future"—now then! what, at length, is coming?—"the Committee desire in the future to be governed by the teachings of God's Word and the clear indications of his providence." Ah! it seems that they mean to change their course then!

So, then, the sum of all is, that it is doubtful whether this rebellion is the result of slavery; that the Society forty-and-nine years has never done a thing to irritate slavery; that it has never, either, lost favor with liberty, by saying a line or word in favor of slavery; and that, as to the future, they are fully determined to see what they shall see, and do what they shall think it best to do;—and all this is uttered with an air so frank, and in language so savory of piety, that a superstitious man might fear lest the world, by a too early translation of such goodness, should lose the brightest exemplars of pious skill in the use of language!

Gen. Burnside's expedition has suffered sadly for want of pilots able to steer amid the bars, channels, and endless banks of the coast of North Carolina. It was his own fault. There is an institution in New York for the eduaction of pilots to navigate all the difficult passes and sounds along the edge of slavery, and they attain the most singular skill, for ever among sands and shoals and yet contriving always to keep enough water under their keels! There is no excuse for any commander who lacks a pilot to guide him through the deceitful navigation of slavery.

THE SITUATION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the disasters that have befallen the Burnside Expedition at the outset, we need not therefore despair of its final success. The brilliant achievement of Commodore Dupont at Port Royal wiped out of the public mind the shipwreck and loss which preceded it, and which were quite as serious as those which Burnside encountered. The difference is that in the one case the herald of success trod close upon the heels of the herald of mishap; while in the other the difficulties that had to be met in the beginning are told and told again by the busy tongues of reporters, while days, if not weeks, must pass before the more grateful task is given them of recording a victorious progress. But both expeditions are alike in this—that, in a demonstration upon a stormy coast, in the winter season, some mishap should befall, was almost inevitable. That it was so little at Cape Hatteras is cause of congratulation rather than of gloomy foreboding. A fleet of more than a hundred vessels, great and small, carrying sixteen thousand men, rendezvous at a point, which had it been known to the ancients would have been held to be the strait that led to the home of Æolus, and through that narrow, tortuous, and shallow channel these vessels, one by one, had to be guided. Had two or three hundred men, instead of two or three only, been drowned, had a score or two of vessels, instead of two or three only, suffered shipwreck, we should have had less to be surprised at, though more to mourn over. As it is, let us be thankful for inconsiderable losses, for success over great difficulties, and possess ourselves in patience and hope of good news to come from Roanoke Island.

There are uses in adversity; and if it should come to us it would teach us, first, not to expect too much in any proposed undertaking—and, let us add, in new and untried men; and, secondly, not to sink to despair because our unreasonable anticipations are dashed, without surmounting them, against unexpected obstacles. We are prone to both extremes, and a little chastening will do us good. If we looked to Burnside, as many, we fear, were disposed to do, as the coming man who was to put a speedy end to the rebellion, it was an extravagant expectation. But it by no means follows, because two men were drowned in a boat, and because two crazy old steamers, sent by knavish contractors, have gone to pieces in the breakers, that therefore Burnside and his sixteen thousand men can accomplish nothing of that which rational men expected of them. The expedition is as important as it ever was, and bids fair to do all that we ever had any right to expect of it.

That it is first to take Roanoke Island, or, at least, to try to take it, we know. It is the first important point, as a basis of future operations, and as commanding the connection between the two Sounds of Albemarle and Pamlico. This being done, its next object, probably, will be Newbern, North Carolina, a place worth taking for its own sake, and valuable as a point of departure for Beaufort and Goldsboro. Beaufort, with its Fort Macon, may be approached in the rear by land from Newbern, and probably cannot, in that direction, make any formidable resistance. If it falls into our hands, we command the southern entrance into Pamlico Sound, and are in possession of the best port of entry on the coast of North Carolina. Westward from Newbern another advantage may be gained in the possession of Goldsboro, a point of junction of several railroads connecting Richmond and Norfolk with the Southeast. Should Burnside be successful in these purposes, he will have accomplished much, and be ready then for further successes. Returning to Albemarle Sound, he may march upon Weldon, a still more important railroad junction; northward, less important places on the coast may be occupied; and Norfolk may be attacked in the rear, as Beaufort may have been before. But precisely where his second blows may fall will depend upon his success at the outset. Such, if not the exact order of his expedition, are among its possibilities and its reasonable expectations. Thus while Davis, or Beauregard, or whoever else may be in command upon the Potomac, must keep a sharp eye in front of him for McClellan, he must have another over his shoulder for Burnside and his sixteen thousand in his rear, while still south of him is Sherman threatening Charleston and Savannah, and holding in full possession the fertile islands of Port Royal.

The situation is held to be interesting at Richmond, where they have no better similitude for it than the coils of an anaconda, in whose folds they look to be presently strangled. Nor is their outlook at the West any more encouraging. The battle at Mill Creek has burst open the door to the Cumberland Valley, and only the state of the roads forbids an immediate entrance. What Burnside may do in the East, Buell or some of his generals may do in the West, and the Confederate forces find themselves cut off from the Gulf states, as well as from the states of the South Atlantic coast. When both these points shall be gained—and spring, in those regions, is a month earlier than in this section, and will admit, therefore, of early movements—it is only a reasonable hope that by dint of that hard fighting for which the Federal troops are hungry, large progress may be made in the suppression of the rebellion.

But it must be by hard fighting. We need not look for the revolt to die an easy death, or for the rebels to lay down their arms, except upon the most dire compulsion. Delay is their friend, and they reckon much, and not without reason, upon some foreign complication in our affairs coming to their aid. But this failing them, they will fight desperately; at any rate, it is wiser we should believe they will, and govern ourselves accordingly, and so be prepared either for their subjection or submission. If they do not submit, they must be conquered, and that speedily. A short war, a sharp one, and for ready money, is the humor of the people, and the Government at Washington, we trust, is of the same temper.

HOW TO MAKE POSTAGE PROFITABLE.

WE again protest against the unconstitutional doctrine that it is the duty of the Government to make the Post-Office support itself. It is the duty of the Government to give the people the best postal system that can be devised, as far as the country can afford it. The question how much shall be taxed for postage, and how much shall go free, is a purely prudential question, to be decided as is most for the public good. And we equally protest against the idea sometimes advanced, that it would be better to abolish the Post-Office altogether, and leave the carriage and distribution of letters and newspapers to the expresses and to private enterprise. With all its defects, the Post-Office is one of the greatest blessings conferred by our Government, and must be continued in its full vigor as long as the Government itself exists. And if ever the Government itself shall come to ruin, so as to be unable to carry out its proper functions, we beg that its last dollar and its last fragment of power may be laid out in maintaining the circulation of intelligence among the people, to the remotest settlements of the frontier.

And yet it is practicable to make postage not only self-sustaining but profitable. There is one fact which our legislators and officials do not look fairly in the face, but which we do not intend the people shall lose sight of. The English Government have practiced for above twenty years on a simple and uniform system, based on a distinct principle, which they expected would be productive of revenue, and it now yields a clear gain of seventeen millions of dollars over all expenses. We have been all the same time trying various expedients to make the Post-Office self-supporting, all on the basis of an entirely different principle, and still we meet a deficiency of five or six millions.

The English plan was adopted in 1839, after a thoroughly exhausting analysis, by Rowland Hill and others, of the theory and practice of postage, including a careful collation of facts, and minute calculations based thereon. It was in this way ascertained that the cost of carriage per letter varied inversely as the number of letters posted. That is, when the number of letters increases, the average cost of carrying each one is lessened. It follows, therefore, mathematically, that there must be an increase of numbers which will bring the average cost per letter below the rate of postage. However great the difference between cost and charge at start, this difference is infallibly reduced as the numbers increase, until there comes equality of cost and receipt, and then a profit. The multiplication table is not more certain than this axiom.

This solves the problem, and shows that the true way of making postage productive, is by promoting the greatest possible increase of the number of letters and papers. The whole policy of postage, and the entire energies of the department, should be directed to this point, to favor a large increase of business. At the same time, care is to be taken to stop all leaks and wastage, and to get rid of all unproductive work, and at the same time to repress the constant tendency to increased expense which seems inherent in all governmental operations. Another time, we may state some of the methods wisely employed by the English Post-Office to increase the number of letters sent by mail, until they have reached the almost incredible number of five hundred and fifty millions in a year. Also, some of the many ingenious methods adopted in the English Post-Office, to save labor, to lessen expense, and to accelerate work in the office.

Another point was ascertained by this elaborate analysis of the cost of postage. It was found that the whole cost of receiving, transporting, and delivering letters averaged 76-100ths of a penny, of which the transit cost 19-100ths, and the receipt and delivery, (or what is called management,) 57-100ths. Also, that the number of letters could be increased twenty-four fold without overloading the mails, or causing any material addition to the contracts for transportation.

It was also ascertained that the cost of transit of a letter from London to Edinburgh, (333 miles,) in the mail, was only one thirty-sixth of a penny. And the average cost in all the mails of the kingdom did not differ materially from this. Of course, difference of distance is to be laid entirely out of the calculation in determining on the rate of postage to be charged, because the difference of cost between one distance and another cannot be reckoned in coin. Hence the conclusion to which the able Parliamentary committee was irresistibly brought, that "the nearest practicable approach to a fair system, would be to charge a uniform rate of postage between one post-office and another, whatever may be their distance." All the arguments and calculations in regard to letters are equally applicable in favor of a uniform rate and the greatest possible increase of numbers in the case of newspapers and other printed matters.

If this subject is kept before Congress, with any prospect of a practical result, we wish to be heard further in favor of the one lowest rate of postage that is deemed right for newspapers to subscribers paying quarterly in advance, and then an absolute uniformity on all other printed matter, at the rate of one cent. for two ounces, always prepaid. We are well satisfied that this change will be a great convenience to the public, without increasing the balance of expense to the Post-Office. And we believe it will, in a little time, render the mail service on printed matter much more productive than it is at present, and ultimately, perhaps, entirely remunerative, which it has never been hitherto.

At the same time, we are free to say, that no partial reform can do for the Post-Office that which requires a thorough renovation of the whole system, including letter-postage and the entire method of management. And on this matter we have several matured suggestions to offer, whenever the time comes for it. And, indeed, we know no good reason why the present is not the best time, if Congress are willing to attend to it, so as to be able to act intelligently and consistently, with the broadest views and the largest foresight.

THE CZAR'S EMPIRE.

THE Russian Bear is out foraging. The Empire of Alexander now covers a territory well-nigh as large as fifty Empires of Louis Napoleon. It compasses an unbroken stretch of land from the Baltic to the Yellow Sea. The Czar reaches out his fingertips touching East and West. When he changed his capital from Moscow to St. Petersburg, he was thought to menace progress toward Western Europe. But the progress has been toward the rising sun. During the last three years five acquisitions have been made:—first, all Asia north of the Amoor; second, frontier posts in Central Asia, pushed out as pickets toward the Indus; third, the coast region of East Asia from the Amoor southward, and nearer to Pekin than Cincinnati to New York; fourth, the island of Saghalien, as large as Pennsylvania, and having equal coal mines; fifth, the Island of Yesso, as large as New England.

What is the value of these gains? Let no one suppose that the great territory is only a great snowfield. The Amoor, larger than the Mississippi, is not more frozen in winter in its great southern bend than the St. Lawrence. Massachusetts is further north than the southern side of its valley. The soil yields wheat, barley, oats, and even tobacco; the forests are beyond description for beauty and ship-timber; the coasts will support fisheries like Newfoundland; iron has been found, and gold looked for; while everywhere, in forest and on plain, uncounted animals are only waiting to be skinned of fashionable furs.

Alexander may build navies on the banks of the Amoor, and harbor them upon its bosom. He may establish sea-ports, which, fronting the whole long length of Japan, will have hardly more ice in midwinter than the Fulton ferry-boats encounter from New York to Brooklyn.

His father was a shrewd man in sending Count Mouravieff into Asia to pick up these new jewels for the crown. The new Czar's vigorous use of his fresh opportunities is interpreted to mean that he has knitted his brows into a threat against China and British India. He doubtless means to get all he can, and to keep all he can get. History is full of novelties, and among them may yet be chronicled, as among royal adventures, how the Emperor made a progress to his colonial city of Hongkong, and how afterward, on his way back, he turned an Englishman out of a palankeen and rode in state into Calcutta. Meanwhile, we recommend that the British fleet in the Gulf of Mexico make a voyage of observation to the Bay of Bengal.

GORDON, THE SLAVE-TRADER.

WHY should President Lincoln be importuned to change a sentence of death passed upon the slave-trader Gordon into one of imprisonment for life? There is no doubt of the facts in his case: is there any of their atrocious guilt?

Gordon is guilty of as many flagrant robberies as there were Africans in his cargoes; of as many murders as there were deaths under his hatches. He differs from common villains only by organizing wickedness into a system, and practicing it by wholesale.

By the laws of his own land and of the civilized world he was guilty of piracy, which is but a generic name for crimes in companies and battalions.

Is there anything in extenuation? He is *young*, it is said. In years young, perhaps, but old in crime and depravity. What would the old age of such youth become?

It is said that life-long imprisonment is equivalent to death, in its moral effects upon the community. Sometimes it may be; but not in such a case as this, where the penalty is withdrawn from sight and creeps through days and months unseen, and accumulates by years. It may be even more vindictive, but it is less impressive. The penitentiary is a long, monotonous sentence. The gallows is an exclamation point in the career of crime, that arrests the attention, and emphasizes the fact of penalty as an inseparable part of crime.

When a great crime, by long escaping conviction and punishment, has established a popular impression of impunity, it also works a latent impression of unguiltiness. For, with the unreflecting, there is such a connection between crime and penalty visibly inflicted, that the uniform lack of penalty takes away the feeling that a thing is criminal. It is then necessary to revive the suspended animation of the public conscience by a peremptory re-establishment of the visible connection between crime and punishment.

Besides, this Administration owes it to the people who elected it, and to the spirit of all the loyal states that uphold it, to discriminate, by every just and lawful manner, between an administration of the Government in the interest of slavery and in the interest of liberty. Congress, Court, and Cabinet, for years past, have conceded everything to slavery. The present Administration represents a national reaction from this disgraceful apostasy. And it is bound to signalize its determination to open a new era, or rather to bring back again the spirit of the former day, when the founders of our Constitution vied with each other in promoting liberty and guarding against every form of despotism. It would be an extraordinary act of President Lincoln, by pardoning Gordon, or alleviating his penalty, to say to the world that it was not so shameful a crime as all Christendom had supposed, for Southern men to open again the slave-trade, and for an imbecile administration to wink at it; and for corrupt officers of Government to connive at it with hands heavy with bribes; and for avaricious Northern capitalists to invest their money in it. We do not believe that President Lincoln will let the enemies of America charge him with taking sides with slave-traders.

It is said that Gordon has been but a tool, while the guiltier parties are snug in their gains and secure. Because human law cannot punish *all* that deserve it, shall it set free the few who can be reached? We would hang any man that has touched this nefarious traffic with his little finger, if we could reach him, even if many millionaires and many ex-marshals and district attorneys and custom-house officials should swing in the air. But we would not wait for the whole before we made a good beginning.

Those who plead for Gordon are men with no just conception of the rights of society. Gordon is the least figure in this sum. The question for President Lincoln is not one of humanity to Gordon, but of humanity to Society. We demand the punishment of crime for the protection of society. We desire to see barbarous penalties abolished. And a severity that has in it no benefit to society is unwise just in proportion to its inhumanity. But we have no patience with that sentimental humanity that cries over a villain, but not over his victims; that is so humane that it cannot destroy a wolf, but lets him back into liberty amid flocks of sheep. It is time that the public conscience should be stiffened; that men should revere justice as well as experience pity. And men should, above all, be taught that an *ill-timed pity to individuals is the greatest cruelty to society.*

CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE DEATH OF DR. DWIGHT.

THE manner of the death of the late Rev. H. G. O. Dwight was so peculiar that many will be glad to know the details, as gathered by Mr. Merwin of the American Board, who brought the body from Troy to New York. Dr. Dwight was on his way to Montreal, to address a meeting on the evening of Tuesday, January 28th. He was also to preach on Sunday, the 26th, for President Labaree, at Middlebury, Vt., and left Troy on Saturday morning by the Troy and Boston Railroad. The train had passed North Bennington, Vt., and was within two miles of Shaftsbury, when the tremendous gale then prevailing struck the cars in full force just as they were upon an embankment forty feet high. The mail-agent and the road-master both observed that the wind rocked the cars very much, and lifted them up from the wheel-tracks as far as the chains which fastened them would allow; suddenly a blast struck the cars, and lifted them from the track; the coupling between the baggage-car and the tender broke, leaving the engine and tender on the track, while the single passenger-car and the baggage-car rolled down the embankment. The passenger-car turned over three times, while the hind truck, with its four wheels, becoming disengaged, crushed through the side of the car. Dr. Dwight was sitting on the right-hand side of the car in the center, two seats ahead of the stove on the same side. Mr. Robinson, the road-master, was sitting opposite the stove. There were in all only thirteen persons in the car. The conductor was in the rear end of the same car. The wheels of the truck struck Dr. Dwight on the neck and upper part of the chest, killing him instantly, and pressing him down so closely in the ruins that it was necessary to take out two of the wheels before he could be moved. Mr. Robinson was found on top of the truck, severely wounded, and soon after died. Two ladies caught in the wreck in a way that they could not be extricated without tearing their dresses, were bruised, but not seriously injured. The conductor, Mr. Welch, was slightly injured.

Dr. Dwight was found still sitting in the seat, though in a bent position, holding his paper, and with a calm and happy expression of countenance. The conductor extricated the ladies, and reached the body of Dr. Dwight three minutes after the accident, but found no sign of life. So tenderly did the ponderous truck perform its sad office, that there was not so much as a scratch upon the skin to mark the fatal blow; not did the watch in his pocket suffer the slightest injury, but was taken quietly ticking from his body. One of his eye-glasses was broken, the other was whole. Such was the death of a man who was quite ready to die—who was ever happy and joyous in life, and was happy in death.

His fellow-sufferer, Mr. Robinson, was a deacon in Mr. Jennings's church, Rutland, and was well known and highly esteemed throughout that whole section of country, and his death has made likewise a profound sensation in the community.

Truly, as the excellent President of the road at Troy remarked, "There were, perhaps, no two men better prepared for death at any time than the two victims of this sad catastrophe."

It is due to the President and employés of the road to say, that they did their whole duty under these most painful and trying circumstances.

AN AFFLICTED FRIEND.—In our obituary column will be found a fitting notice of the recent death of Miss Warne, of Oxford, England, the only daughter of our beloved friend, Joseph Warne, Esq., of that town. Mr. Warne has been known to our readers, from the first establishment of this newspaper, as "Our English Correspondent," and in this relation has been so devoted, so sincere, so faithful, both to our country and his own, he has won the love and confidence of many thousands of the best people among us, who will tenderly sympathize with him in his deep sorrow, and unite their prayers that the affliction may be turned, by the grace of our common Savior, into unspeakable joy.

LAND FOR SETTLEMENT.—One of the fruits of this great rebellion, undoubtedly, is to be to turn the currents of settlement from the due west to a more southerly direction. Multitudes of our Yankee soldiers will be smit with the attractions of Dixie's Land, and when the strife gives place again to the supremacy of law under the "Stars and Stripes," will make homes for themselves in the territories they have conquered. Yet it is probable that many will stop short in the healthy climate and productive soil of Southern New Jersey. We know of 25,000 acres in one tract, in Ocean county, now open for settlement, at $10 per acre, convenient to both New York and Philadelphia markets. The "Green Sand Marls" of that region will be in immense demand for fertilizing the worn-out fields of the Carolinas, as they shall come under the power of free labor.

THE PRESSURE ON THE POOR.—A paper in Newark, N. J., mentions some facts in regard to the savings-banks, which give an encouraging view of the ability of the working-classes to stand the pressure of the war:

"In one day, recently, the sum of $50,000 was deposited in the Newark Savings Institution. A considerable portion of this fund has been realized from the Government work, which has been so plenty in our city recently, employing many hundred hands, and in some branches still employing a large number. Considerable money has also been deposited by soldiers' wives, many of whom, having employment, have earned sufficient to support them, and have been enabled to lay by all the money received from their husbands, besides the state pay."

In consequence of this voluntary frugality and forethought, connected with the extent of Governmental employment, the wants of the poor have been far less exacting than in many previous winters.

PACKER COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, BROOKLYN.—This noble institution, advertised in our columns, is one of the best of its character in the country. Young ladies will there receive that thorough educational training, discipline, and culture which will fit them for usefulness, and for any position from a private Christian home to the White House in Washington. An investment here made by parents, for the benefit of their children, cannot be lost by political changes, revolutions, or rebellion, and will always pay dividends a hundredfold.

MR. JAMES GILLETTE, an officer of engineers, attached to 71st Regiment New York Volunteers, and a son of Rev. Dr. Gillette of this city, was taken prisoner at Bull Run, and released by exchange. He proposes to tell his experience of "Five Months among the Rebels" in a lecture on Wednesday evening next, at Calvary Baptist church, Twenty-third street.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—A zealous and practical young American, self-consecrated to the project of independent foreign missions, sends report from Central America, that a young mechanic or farmer, with piety and enterprise, may reach in twenty days one of the five little independent republics which constitute what is called "Central America," by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and find abundance of land, on favorable terms, at elevations embracing all the climates and productions of every zone, and commence at once the cultivation of coffee, cotton, indigo, cochineal, etc., or set up any useful trade or manufacture, amidst a peaceable and friendly people, where the useful arts are but little known, and the demand and reward of their productions are great.

COTTON SEED FOR THE WEST.—Mr. N. J. Colman, editor of *The Valley Farmer*, St. Louis, advertises that he has 60,000 lbs. of Tennessee upland cotton seed, which he proposes to distribute gratuitously among the patrons of his paper. He will deliver parcels at any place in St. Louis, as follows:

"Any one remitting one dollar—the regular subscription price—for *The Valley Farmer* for 1862, shall have in addition to that journal two quarts of the seed, free, enough to plant over half an acre of ground. Any one forming a club of five subscribers and remitting five dollars, shall have in addition to two quarts to each subscriber, one peck of seed. Any one forming a club of ten subscribers, and remitting ten dollars, shall have in addition to two quarts to each, one bushel of seed—enough to plant eight or ten acres of ground."

He will sell the seed in larger quantities, for $4 a bushel, or $1 50 a peck.

"HOPE ON, HOPE EVER!"—Though this hopeful caption be difficult to apply to all the events of the present war; though the great movement of Scott did not move; the expected advance of his successor yet is to come; and "the great expeditions" result in a small scarification of the bark of the

secession upas-tree, the country has still every true ground for hope! Vast moral problems, great questions of right and the sublimities of the conscience, will move forward—must and shall advance. No treason, with all its Floyds, Davises, and Beauregards, can blot away or annihilate the everlasting truths of reason and religion.

THE FOREIGN PRESS.

In adjusting an estimate of the recent and present state of feeling in Europe about this country and its rebellion, we have to observe four sources of influence and action, viz., the governments, the people, the press, and the manufacturers.

1. The manufacturing interest is against us; for they want our usual trade, and free trade; they would be glad to have us forced, even by war, to put things instantly on a peaceful commercial free-trade footing.

2. Of the governments, the English is entirely hostile to us, *i. e.*, it would gladly see us broken into two feeble republics, and our policy and trade as fully subjugated to those of England, as in their colonies or in Portugal under the Methuen treaty; for they would be rid both of a threat against monarchy and a competitor in market. The French Government will act as it may think most profitable for itself, without regard to principle; so that its position is entirely undeterminable. Spain will apparently follow France and England. The remaining European governments may be classed as friendly or indifferent.

3. The press is to be classified very nearly as the governments are; the English as almost entirely bitterly hostile; the French, as divided; the Continental, as friendly or indifferent.

4. The people. All the peoples of the Continent are probably decidedly friendly, on the whole; but they utter no audible expression of opinion. The large majority of the English people are unfriendly; or at most, they have only a lukewarm and shallow and interested friendship, not capable of preventing them from going headlong into a war upon us in our day of weakness and misfortune, without patience, consistency, or justice, provided a plausible reason is forthcoming.

To recapitulate: There stand for us, but either without fervor or without power, many of the Continental people; a part of the Continental press; and rather more earnestly, a few English leaders, nobles, and papers; and a section of the English middle and lower classes.

Indifferent, are many of the Continental governments, some of their people, and a part of their press.

Hostile to us, are the English Government, the English press, many of the English people, part of the French press, and the manufacturing interest.

But now, this broad statement needs qualifying in some particulars. First, it refers simply to recent and present manifestations; for the actual depth and permanence of the convictions beneath cannot be determined. Second, it is a fact that the bitter outburst of contumely and spite in the English press which has surprised us so, is, as has been openly avowed, to a considerable extent got up not for our use, but for home consumption, in the interests of the hereditary governing aristocracy of England. It is not so generally known among us as it should be, that there exists in England a party of progress, which has labored efficiently toward securing a fair right of ballot suffrage, and toward other related reforms, which has already carried more than one of its preliminary points, and which has so openly done so by adducing the example of our success and prosperity that it is often called the "American party." It is to discourage and beat back this growing party, that this unnecessary and hollow outcery is so exaggerated.

Third, there is little doubt that much of the hostility both of the English and French press has been procured by sheer bribery, with money furnished by our rebels, either out of their own pockets or out of the proceeds of their robberies from our Government.

Fourth, Messrs. Cobden and Bright have wished to deal fairly with us; and as consistent peace men, have urged that war should be made the very last resort; and to the same conclusion has come the large and lofty statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Again, an important number of English religious bodies, among which may be named the Evangelical Alliance, the Congregational Board of Ministers and Union, the "Body of Three Denominations" (Independents, Baptists, Presbyterians) in London, the Baptist Union, the Wesleyan Reformers, and the Society of Friends, and also the major part of the distinctively religious press of England, have bravely and conscientiously withstood the war fever.

It should also be added that the Society of Friends and the professed advocates of peace, as a body, although they had strenuously objected to the war-like measures of the Northern states, consistently with their general principles, yet stood up with equal firmness and plainness on our behalf when the Trent case came up, against the war policy of their own Government. But these leaders and parties, to whom might be added a considerable number of the operative class, are exceptions.

With this preface we lay before our readers some extracts from recent foreign papers, which will sufficiently illustrate our positions.

First and worst, *The London Times*; whose statements are all the more characteristic and reliable just now, for the very reason that it has no principles at all except to make money and to exert influence, and therefore says what its shrewd experienced owners think the people desire to hear.

The Times says, interfering with our stone blockade:

"If any one would learn the character which this war is assuming, let him read the account of the destruction of the port of Charleston, as given in the latest news from America. Among the crimes which have disgraced the history of mankind, it would be difficult to find one more atrocious than this. The mind is astonished and appalled to learn that men who have been reared under the influence of religion, morality, and law, who have practiced self-government, who have defied public opinion, who have made especial pretenses to enlightenment, and even to refinement, should perpetrate a crime which barbarians, acting only by the light of nature and the instincts of their own hearts, would shrink from.

"During years of harassing warfare, Toulon and Brest, and the other ports of the French empire, were watched by our squadrons, and, though the task was difficult and dangerous with the old sailing-ships of the time, though for days an effective closing of a port might be prevented by a contrary wind, yet it never entered into the thoughts of men like Jervis, and Nelson, and Collingwood that they could save themselves trouble and their country expense by totally destroying the ports they were set to watch. Yet what might not England, with her undisputed supremacy at sea, have effected, had she suffered herself to meditate such an iniquity? It is plain that every second-rate harbor on the Continent, from the Elbe to Bayonne, might have been thus destroyed for ever by the British navy."

Upon which we have the comical commentary, that these immaculate Christian warriors tried to perpetrate this very crime at Boulogne, did do it at Alexandria in Egypt, and in 1779 at Savannah in Georgia, and recommended it for Cronstadt.

On receiving the news of the surrender of Mason and Slidell, it observes:

"It is a great victory, though it is but an escape from being obliged to conquer. We are but where we were before we were so grossly insulted. We have but curbed for a moment the insolence of a neighbor who took pleasure in continually provoking us, and had permitted himself at last to go beyond the possibility of sufferance. We have done nothing to set up monuments to commemorate; we have only held our own in the great community of nations, and read a necessary lesson to an ill-mannered companion."

And they coolly assert that we were frightened into doing right; that

"It is not Vattel and Bynkershock, and Stowell and De Hautefeville, who have influenced this controversy, but the promptitude with which we re-enforced Admiral Milne's fleet, and poured battalion after battalion into Canada."

A statement sufficiently refuted by the dispatch of Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams, sent just after the seizure, and secreted by the English Government for political and stock-jobbing purposes.

In discussing the arrival of the rebel commissioners, *The Times* tries its hand at judicial impartiality, by saying that

"The general impression in this country is that both sides in the States have acted as ill as could be, and that it is not for England to decide which of them bears the palm for insolence, outrage, treachery, and folly."

In criticising Mr. Seward's dispatch announcing the surrender, *The Times* finds a place for slandering our national character by asserting that

"All who deal with the United States must guide themselves, not by the law of nations, but by what the United States may consider expedient at the time; and this, of course, depends upon their ability to resist."

And it adds, to the same point:

"We doubt if any nation ever committed blunders so palpable and so enormous. And all these misfortunes and disgraces have occurred simply because the American Government is not able to rule of itself, but must seek its direction, not from the wise and prudent, but from the ignorant and violent. It was not able either to persist with dignity or to yield with courtesy, and it has therefore brought upon itself all the discredit without the reward of lawlessness, and all the humiliation without the grace of submission."

And again; it is said that such is the cowardly dishonesty of our Government, that in dealing with it, "we"—viz., the English—

"Must expect our right, not from a sense of right, not from a sense of justice, but from a fear of consequences."

In similar style it shows how we are shortly to become bankrupt; it makes room for Semmes of the Sumter to print a long foolish "lurry," as country folks say, of vilification of Mr. Welles; and it publishes rumors, absurd, no doubt, but whose animus is clear, that

"Mercantile letters from New York represent that the cry for promoting insurrections among the slaves was gaining force, and looking at the threatened horrors, whispers were at length heard of a wish that, for the sake of humanity, European intervention might be found practicable."

But we cannot enlarge this choice repertory, except with a mere reference to the letters of the great Doctor Russell, which are precisely such as the letters of a correspondent of *The London Times* should be.

Take, next, *The Morning Post*, the organ of Palmerston and the Government. From its comments on the same range of subjects we make the following excerpts:

"Nothing has ever so thoroughly opened the eyes of all Europe to the real character of the American Government as this disgraceful case of the Trent. It is now quite clear that the law of the stronger is the only law that really rules on the other side of the Atlantic. Cuba and many other instances had taught us that no national claim was held sacred as against the more holy instinct of filibustering, and now the manner in which the Cabinet of Washington has conducted itself in regard to the Trent affair shows that the honor of no flag is safe except under the protection of the arms and valor of its country."

The Post cannot give us credit for doing right any more than *The Times*. It says:

"At the last moment, not from spontaneous good feeling, but under the pressure of the British demands, the American Government has given way, and conceded the surrender of the four prisoners seized on board the Trent."

Its horror at the stone blockade is extended, in fact, to our whole "barbarous policy." It says:

"What may be the fate of this measure we cannot foretell, but it bears a striking resemblance to the barbarous policy of the Executive Government, which is filling Europe with an indignation that the *Moniteur* by no means exaggerates, and which, if it be carried into general practice along the coast of the Confederacy, will repudiate the leading principles of civilization."

In *The Observer*, a sort of back-stairs ministerial organ, or scullion under *The Post*, we find a kind proposition that France and England shall arbitrate our quarrel by force, as they did that of Greece and Turkey.

The Herald is the aristocratic and Tory paper, and the Derby organ. It says, during the first half of January, the following pleasant things:

"In the event of the Confederate commissioners being surrendered, and war on that ground averted, it is clear that upon commercial grounds the Governments of England and France have every inducement to recognize the well-earned independence of the Confederate States. The precedents of the Swiss Cantons, the Seven United Provinces of the Netherlands, of the revolted Spanish-American colonies, of Greece, of Belgium, of Texas, and of the kingdom of Italy, justify and command this step, which, if not manfully taken by ministers at once, is certain to be taken by Parliament on its reassembling."

It sums up at the end of another long article, the reasons for recognizing the rebel Government, thus:

"1. Because the Confederates have right on their side.

"2. Because we may now consider them as a government established *de facto*, and the sooner this is acknowledged by other powers the sooner will an end be put to this unnatural, fratricidal strife.

"3. That we may aid in preventing a fearful calamity—a servile insurrection, excited by the North as a last desperate effort.

"4. Because it is the undoubted interest of the nations of the earth that the great fertile continent of North America should be occupied by several independent states, acting as checks on one another, instead of being under the domination of one overbearing Government, already distinguished by its unequaled and insufferable arrogance, and itself under the sway of the reckless, turbulent, and least intelligent classes.

"5. Because there is no sufficient reason why mankind should be interdicted from intercourse with so large and so rich a portion of the earth's surface as the Confederate States, and their independence is the quickest mode of reopening them for the general benefit."

See Mr. Lincoln's terrific danger, and probable martyrdom!

"To do what necessity commanded was a hard task for the ruler of a people petulant, lawless, ignorant of their own weakness, and as little used to yield their will to the dictates of necessity as to those of justice. He must have known that he would incur the bitter and furious ingratitude of the people he saved, against their own will, from impending destruction. He must have known that he could never hope to be forgiven for a service so important to the nation, a sacrifice so painful to the Government. He must have known that he first and chiefly would have to bear the storm of popular rage which the surrender of the kidnapped commissioners will certainly call forth, and which may possibly be fatal to his Government. We fear that even now he may have learned how democracies are wont to reward such services as his. * * * * We have to bear in mind that the American Government has shown no disposition to conciliate us; has in no way obliged us or earned any claim to our regard or forbearance. It has confessed our superiority of strength, and will probably be more careful in its demeanor for the future; but this is all that we must expect from the lesson it has now received."

And how all the naughty tricks have been played by the North:

"While the army of Gen. McClellan has distinguished itself by burning undefended villages, destroying property, and murdering unarmed men, without any attempt on the part of its officers, or of the Government, to maintain discipline or to punish the marauders, the Confederate generals have promptly repressed the abominable, but, under the circumstances, very natural practice of shooting the sentries of the invading force. In short, the North have carried on the war by sea like pirates, and by land like savages; the South, like a civilized people, maintaining, even in a struggle for existence, the forbearance and courtesy which distinguished warfare [illegible] of barbarians."

Also:

"Mason and Slidell are entitled to be received in England with courtesy and honor, as men of the highest distinction themselves, and as the representatives of a gallant, chivalrous, and friendly nation."

We crowd in a few sentences from other papers.

The London Chronicle says:

"We do not owe that concession to any feeling of amity or any sense of justice on the part of the United States. The people, the press, and the Government would have allowed the stain Captain Wilkes had cast on the British flag to remain upon it, if we had been willing to let them. They would have rejoiced in the humiliation of the Britisher, and would have greeted our submission, had we submitted, as a crowning proof of the almighty sovereignty of Yankeedom."

The London Sun:

"In deferring till the last hour the surrender of the captives, the Federal Government has marked more emphatically than any words can do, and in a manner no words can explain away, if that were wished, which is not likely—that it winces to the last under the consciousness of wrong, under the strongest wish to enjoy the fruits of its wrong, and under the necessity of doing what is right, while its heart is yet wrong."

The Liverpool Courier, (we will let the reader guess what the injury against France was:)

"Free and impulsive in her action, France may adopt short and decisive measures in requital for the wrong committed against her. Should this be so, and we believe that it is intended, immediately upon the complete settlement of the Slidell and Mason affair, to lay a formal remonstrance against the sham blockade before the Federal Cabinet, the cotton of the South will again set our merry wheels agoing, instead of darkening the air along the shores of Carolina."

The Edinburgh Scotsman, speaking of the stone blockade:

"Besides the ordinary or general objections to such an act—objections almost universally acknowledged in practice by the European powers—there are two special objections in the case of America. The Northern Government, which resorts to this extreme and almost obsolete action of war, has hitherto shown itself almost impotent in the ordinary operations of war, though having on the field about the largest army the world ever saw. And again, the peculiar object of the war renders such an act peculiarly insensate—the object being to bring back as fellow-citizens under a democratic republic the people so barbarously and uselessly injured, and to reunite as part of one country the territory thus sought to be destroyed. Already, as we are informed, that act has given the French Emperor an opportunity of again pressing upon our Cabinet his advice that Europe should—at least to the extent of recognizing as a fact the Confederate Government, and not recognizing as a fact the Federal blockade—do something toward bringing to an end a war whose barbarous acts and very nature are a discredit to civilization and humanity."

The Scotsman, by the way, is the paper which had early (and exclusive) information that the English Government had laid the Trent case before the law officers of the Crown, and had been by them advised that Capt. Wilkes's act was in strict accordance with the law of nations.

The animus of all this war movement is exhibited by the fact that Mr. Seward's dispatch of Nov. 30, to Mr. Adams, assuring the English Government of the friendly disposition of the United States, though read to Earl Russell by Mr. Adams, was kept a secret for several weeks, while the war-cry was shouted, from ten to twenty millions of dollars spent in preparations, and almost as much made by Rothschild and one or two others who had the secret, by stock speculating.

The Telegraph, a favorite with the working people, the liberal, dissenting *Star*, Mr. Bright's organ, *The News*, for which Miss Martineau writes, and some others, were fairer and calmer, finding us in the wrong in the Trent case, but giving us due credit for reparation; and steadily opposing hasty war, recognition of a Southern Confederacy, interference with our business, or the cherishing of the rebel commissioners. Yet these papers were in a small minority; the tone of most of the press chiming in with the arrogant and unreasonable views of *The Times*, *Post*, and *Herald*.

The key to the expressions of the French journals is rather their dislike of England than any feeling for either party in this rebellion. The *Monde*, the *Gazette de France*, the constitutional-monarchist paper, the *Debats*, (Orleanist,) the *Patrie*, the *Temps*, the judicious *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Opinione*, Prince Louis Napoleon's organ, all criticise England's actual and probable measures, both in the Trent affair and as to the blockade, as intended merely to aggrandize her, not to assert any principle; and while some of them compliment us and some do not, they are evidently far more interested in the results upon "perfidious Albion" than in anything which may happen to us.

The German and Italian newspapers, the only others in Europe having any vitality or significance, are in general well inclined toward us, and look upon the action of England as entirely selfish.

The sum of the conclusions to be drawn from this rapid view is this: Of the whole body of expressions of foreign opinion, the preponderating part is English. Of the English expressions, far the greater part is bitterly hostile, utterly unfair, arrogant, and untruthful; but they are to be considered, to a very great extent, as bought by Southern money, prompted by desire to conquer a growing democratic tendency at home, and forced by the exigencies of the struggle between the "outs," of Tories, and the "ins," or Palmerston's government, the former party crazy after office, and ready to seize upon the Trent case as matter for opposition, whatever the Government should do, and the present ministers thus finding themselves reduced to the necessity of blowing up a great blast of pretended patriotic fury that they may "ride the whirlwind, and direct the storm;" may retain the guidance of affairs, as the embodiment of this factitious nationality.

While therefore the actual truth of the matter certainly presents the English character as somewhat unlovely, yet we have the comfort of feeling that this explosion of wrath, when closely examined, turns out to be much less dangerous than it appeared, and not calculated to do much harm after all.

SPECIAL TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Every subscriber to *The Independent* who, in renewing his subscription for another year, shall inclose the name of one or more new subscribers, (with the money,) will be allowed *One Dollar Each* for every new subscriber. Thus, $20 sent by any present subscriber will pay for eighteen new subscriptions, and will renew the subscription of the person sending this amount. Our old friends who, as the new year is now opening, are on the point of renewing their subscriptions, will find this offer exceedingly to their advantage. If any such are out of employment, they will find profitable occupation, in this way, by procuring subscribers to *The Independent*. Others, who are beyond the necessity of acting from this motive, may find a stimulus in aiding a newspaper whose sole aim is to aid the Good Cause.

We also offer to any old subscriber, as a premium, a copy of Webster's Abridged Dictionary, containing nearly five hundred pages, for the name of every new subscriber for one year, sent us with two dollars. The price of the Dictionary alone at the book-stores is $1 50. The book will be delivered at our office, or be sent by express, as desired.

NOTICES.

AMERICAN CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

RECEIPTS DURING DECEMBER, 1861.

From Maine—			
	Monmouth Congregational church		$2 00
"	New Hampshire—		
	Amherst Congregational church		50 00
"	Vermont—		
	Poultney Congregational church	$5 75	
	Montpelier, 2d "	25 00	
			30 75
"	Massachusetts—		
	East Attleboro Congregational church	11 60	
	West " " "	8 58	
	Northampton First " "	43 09	
	Foxboro " "	50 00	
	Stoughton " "	10 63	
	Monson " "	24 31	
	Waltham, Trinity " "	9 06	
			157 27
"	Connecticut—		
	Granby Congl. church and society	5 00	
	Litchfield First Congl. ch. and society	28 33	
	New Haven, North church	60 55	
	New Haven, College-street church	30 99	
	Cornwall Congregational church	8 00	
	Newtown " "	5 00	
	Jewett City " "	5 00	
	East Canaan " "	20 00	
	Bethel " "	14 28	
			186 06
"	Rhode Island—		
	Barrington Congregational church	15 00	
	Woonsocket " "	4 30	
			19 30
"	New York—		
	Gaines Congregational church		5 00
"	Ohio—		
	Bellevue Congregational church	2 00	
	Lenox " "	4 00	
			6 00
"	Wisconsin—		
	Lancaster Congregational church		4 50
"	Kansas—		
	Quindaro Congregational church		2 00
"	California—		
	Downieville Congregational church		30 00
"	Canada East—		
	Eaton		2 00
			$494 88

N. A. CALKINS, Treasurer,
No. 135 Grand street, New York.

A BLACK MAN'S VIEW OF THE WAR.

FREDERICK DOUGLESS

Will Lecture at Cooper Institute, Wednesday Evening, February 12, at 8 o'clock, on

THE WAR.

Admission 25 cents.

A Lecture will be delivered on Wednesday evening, Feb. 12, before the General Aid Association of Calvary Baptist church, Twenty-third street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, by James Gillette, 71st Regiment, N. Y. S. M., returned prisoner of war. Subject: Five Months with the Rebels. Admittance 25 cents, to be applied for charitable purposes, including the relief of the prisoners of war.

The Anniversary of the Sunday-School of the South Baptist church in West Twenty-fifth street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues, will take place on Sunday evening, Feb. 9, at 7½ o'clock. Singing by the children, and addresses by the pastor of the church and by Rev. W. C. Van Meter, Superintendent of the Howard Mission.

MARRIED.

Poole—Sherman—At Fitzwilliam, N. H., Jan. 29, by Rev. W. L. Gaylord, pastor of the Congregational church, Mr. George E. Poole to Miss Harriette J. Sherman, both of Keene, N. H.

Bailey—Fife—At Troy, N. H., Jan. 30, by Rev. W. L. Gaylord of Fitzwilliam, Mr. Joseph Bailey of Sterling, Mass., to Miss Rachel B. Fife of Troy.

DIED.

Norton—At his residence in McGregor, Iowa, Oct. 1, 1861, W. F. Norton, aged 25 years 3 months 20 days. He leaves a wife and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. He was a true man, a devoted Christian, a tender, loving husband, and a friend to the poor. And so He giveth his beloved sleep.

Peet—At the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Washington Hights, Jan. 27, Prof. Edward Peet, in the 36th year of his age. The above announcement will spread the shadow, now resting on the home of the deceased, to many a household, and force a tear of regret from many a heart to which he was unrelated; for he was a man who by zeal in his profession, his kind and genial manners in society, ceaseless yet unostentatious charities, and bright Christian example, had constrained all who knew him to love and esteem him. Prof. Peet was one of those who fulfill their duties in all the relations of life so perfectly, and with what are so quiet and unobtrusive in their well-doing, that, like good health, we never measure or know their value till lost. There is no art or science in the world so hard as to live well, said Seneca; and certainly this the deceased did in this sense. It must indeed be a pleasing thought to those who are called to mourn by this affliction, that though he had finished but half the allotted years of man, he was deemed fit for the kingdom, and was allowed to enter thus early upon that rest which many scarcely gain after threescore years and ten of toil and conflict. And the precious sundering, too, of soul and body, so void of pain, in view of his large-hearted benevolence, seems another proof of St. Jerome's remark that he never knew a charitable person to die an evil death. The Rabbins say God slew Moses with a kiss, and seemed to use the same sweet instrument with him who has thus been taken from his sphere of usefulness.

Prof. Peet entered Yale College in 1843, but subsequently pursued his studies at the N. Y. University, from which institution he graduated in 1847. After spending a year in France, he studied law with James W. Gerard, Esq., of this city. He afterwards studied divinity, and graduated at the Union Theological Seminary, but never was licensed to preach, his studies both in law and theology having been pursued with reference to the profession which he devoted his life to. He became connected with the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in 1849, where he has labored with marked ability for about twelve years. And now he rests from his labors.

W. W.

Warne—Jan. 9, at Fairacres, Oxford, England, after three weeks' illness, Constance Catherine Warne, the dearly loved only daughter of Joseph and Ellen Mary Warne, aged 15 years and 4 months.

The name and person of this young English lady will be known to a few of the readers of *The Independent*. From her earliest childhood she has been one of that large circle of young people to whom this paper has been a regular visitor; welcome for itself and as the representative of some whom she had learned to respect and honor.

Rarely gifted, and profusely endowed with attractive graces, she was an object of love and admiration to all who knew her, and the crown and glory of the household. Life in her appeared to be exuberant, beautiful, and brilliant, to an unusual degree. Withal there was a vein of sweet gravity and thoughtfulness, as that of a child of Christian nurture, having knowledge of herself and of the Christian Ideal.

The afflicted and bereaved father tells Dr. Leavitt, his oldest American friend, of the sweet seriousness and clear apprehension with which a few months since she read to him in his sick chamber the whole of the Gospels and Epistles, the Psalms, and some of the devout utterances of the ancient church, in collects and short prayers.

He who had lent this precious jewel has reclaimed it. The Good Shepherd safely and tenderly folds the lamb. Dear young reader, an unknown companion has been withdrawn; she here speaks to you: Are you a lamb of His flock? Do you know and love Him, whom to know is life eternal?

P. C.

Parsons—Died suddenly at Boston, Mass., January 1, 1862, Mrs. Caroline Nye Parsons, wife of Rev. E. G. Parsons of Derry, New Hampshire, aged 42 years, 3 months, 13 days.

"Sudden death," the venerable Professor Silliman used to tell his students, "is never to be dreaded. If it be God's will, let the angel of death come in a flash; only let him find me at the post of duty. He cannot come too quickly."

What an exchange! From labor to rest! From incessant toil and suffering to blessed enjoyment! From sin and pain and sorrow to holiness and happiness and rejoicing! From the fight to the victory! From the warfare to the triumph! From the battle to the crown! Can the herald of such tidings come too soon?

It was a brave, yet gentle spirit that our dear sister carried through life. Of weak body, but firm heart, she knew how to suffer and be strong. Called to endure greatly, she bore it with patient cheerfulness. There was no murmuring—no complaint, for she saw God's hand, and it was well for her body—better for her soul. The refiner's fire was refining the gold, and preparing the crown.

She went on untiring in the performance of her duties, although the strings of life seemed drawn to their utmost tension. It was wonderful to see with what nerve and Christian courage she could surmount her trials, and unshrinkingly labor on. Pain, sickness, severe suffering, the dark and heavy shadows of coming death (she had been twice under the knife for cancerous troubles, and a third operation was inevitable) all seemed to give way before the march of that heroic spirit.

It was with her fidelity to duty, in care, and toil, and affliction, in the family circle and in the church circle. This was the key to her life. Her happiness was to see others happy. For this she could hide her own pain, and noiselessly sacrifice herself. The gnawings of disease did not baffle her—she still pressed on in her glad work.

How sadly will she be missed by the church she so much loved! And the dear home that so smiled with her presence, how heavily has God laid his hand upon it! He hath done it. He doeth all things well. He giveth our beloved rest.

No wonder that the beautiful form, with such jewels, was precious. No wonder that the aged, heart-broken father, the weeping sisters, the motherless children, the stricken, sorrowing husband, pressed so closely around the sacred dust, and could not let it go, yet we bore it away to its silent resting-place, and left it alone with God—sad, yet joyful—for we knew that we should see that precious dust again, reanimated with that same gentle, heroic spirit, purified of earth's dross, for "Jesus is the resurrection and the life;" and the last words of the loving daughter, sister, mother, wife, were,

"Sleeping in Jesus."

P. M. S.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS! ARTIFICIAL LIMBS! Selpho's Patent Leg and Hand, 516 Broadway, N. Y. The lightest, most durable and reliable substitutes in the world. (Established 27 years.) Send for a circular.

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IS IT POSSIBLE THAT ANY SOLDIER CAN be so foolish as to leave the City without a supply of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS? Whoever does so will deeply regret it. These medicines are the only certain cure for Bowel Complaints, Fevers, Sores, and Scurvy. Only 25 cents per Box or Pot.

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A GENTLEMAN WRITING FROM KING'S Brigade, Arlington House, says: "The measles have left our men with very severe coughs, so that many otherwise well have not been able for weeks to attend the reviews; and all night long, from one end of the camp to the other, one hears a continuous coughing. A number have been recently using the Pain-Killer, and some of the worst cases have been apparently cured by it in a few days. Mixed—a large spoonful of the Pain-Killer with about half a cupful of molasses, it makes the best cough-syrup I ever used."

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N.B.—Prices adapted to the times.

OFFICE OF THE ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
NEW YORK, January 27, 1862.

THE TRUSTEES, IN CONFORMITY TO THE Charter of the Company, submit the following statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1861:

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1861, to 31st December, 1861	$9,610,296 54
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1861	1,474,299 29
Total amount of Marine Premiums	$5,314,575 83
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks; nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1861, to 31st December, 1861	$4,155,165 78
Losses paid during the same period	$2,311,659 29
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$728,476 25

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks	$2,923,403 81
Loans secured by Stocks, and otherwise	890,340 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages	283,769 00
Dividends on Stocks, Interest on Bonds and Mortgages, and other Loans, sundry notes, reinsurance and other claims due the Company, estimated at	123,783 02
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable	1,018,859 02
Cash in Bank	245,543 94
Total amount of Assets	$5,995,699 79

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the Fourth of February next.

After reserving TWO AND A QUARTER MILLION DOLLARS of profits, the outstanding certificates of the issue of 1860 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday the Fourth of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of THIRTY PER CENT. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1861, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday the Eighth of April next.

The profits of the Company, ascertained from the 1st of July, 1842, to the 1st of January, 1861, for which certificates were issued, amount to	$11,690,210
Additional profits from 1st January, 1861, to 1st January, 1862	1,250,000
Total profits for 19½ years	$12,940,210
The Certificates previous to 1860, have been redeemed by cash	8,889,470
Net earnings remaining with the Company, on 1st January, 1862	$4,050,740

By order of the Board,
W. TOWNSEND JONES, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

John D. Jones,	Caleb Barstow,	Dennis Perkins,
Charles Dennis,	A. P. Pillot,	Joseph Gaillard, Jr.
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W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-Pres't.

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ASSETS, 1st Jan. 1862 ..... 1,521,388 06
LIABILITIES 55,000 43

ASSETS.

Cash, Balance in Bank	$124,434 14
Bonds and Mortgages, (being first lien on Real Estate, worth at least $1,715,900)	916,219 53
Loans on Stocks,

Family Reading.

THE FISHERMAN'S VESPERS.

Smiling a sad sweet smile to leave
A sight so fair to look upon,
The sun hath banded his last sheaf,
And half-way o'er the hill is gone.

Ether the ocean's distant rim,
Fainter the white clouds in the west,
And quaint the sailing fisher's hymn,
Singing of home and rest.

Ashore . . . ashore . . .
The fire-light wanders through
My cottage window to the trodden strand:
Ashore . . . ashore . . .
O waves, I follow you.
Smiting the patient land.

Ashore . . . ashore . . .
Weariness bringeth balm;
And laboring souls thereby be doubly blest:
Ashore . . . ashore . . .
The Master still with calm,
Giveth His toilers rest.

Ashore . . . ashore . . .
The fire-light dances through
My cottage window on the trodden sand:
Ashore . . . ashore . . .
O tides, I sail with you,
Seeking the friendly land.

The water laps the anchored bow;
The beach is threaded quickly o'er;
The fisher stays his song, and now—
Stands in his open door.

Cambridge, Mass. FAIRFIELD.

MADGE'S BANK.

BY COUSIN MARY.

In a pretty cottage on a hillside lived a little girl named Madge. There were several other small people who had as good a right there as herself, but as I am not going to speak particularly of them, I shall not stop to mention their names here. Perhaps you may find out some of them in the course of my story.

A more charming place for children than that same hillside cottage, I think you never saw. It was called Dove's Nest, from its being so hidden away among the trees, and in that respect the name was very suitable; though, to my mind, the incessant chattering of young voices to be heard on near approach would sooner suggest that of "Blackbird's Nest."

But let me tell you the way in which visitors came upon the Nest. From the public highway they turned through a great gate into a road running through the middle of an old apple orchard, and if it happened to be in the time of blossom, they always stopped short as soon as they were inside the gate, and cried, "Oh, lovely!" For the apple-trees, large and gnarled and moss-grown, were of the good old kind, planted in the good old times, which had such a stock of life in them that their venerable heads were still crowned, year after year, with a glorious abundance of those delicate rose-tinted, fresh flowers which seem to belong rightfully to the very prime of youth.

Madge had a grandmother whose hair was silver-gray, and her brow marked deep with wrinkles but her blue eye was just as bright as at sixteen, and on her withered cheek a pure rose-tint still came and went as she laughed and chatted with the young around her. She, too, was of the good old kind planted in the good old times. I fear we have not many of the sort, either apple-trees or grandmothers, growing in these days.

And now the road crosses a green meadow, beyond which swells a softly rounded hill, clothed thick with beeches, and from the very midst of these curls a blue wreath of smoke, by which, as did the poet in the vale of Avoca,

"We know that a cottage is nigh."

Along the wooded side of the hill, half-way up the ascent, we go; and right there in the heart of the grove opens a bit of a picture so sweet in sylvan beauty and seclusion that you can hardly believe it real. Yes, this is the Nest. No other name could describe it. On a little natural plateau, all verdure and bloom, nestles a brown cottage, overrun from base to chimney with ivy and bright flowering vines, looking for all the world as if it had grown there as naturally as the trees. On every side but the front, reaching down from the hill above, and reaching up from the slope below, close the friendly beeches, and they are so densely set, and so filled in with the wild undergrowth, as to form rather a bit of tangled forest than a grove. This is the great charm of the place for children. The eye cannot pierce through in any direction; and there, down among the trees, are patches of blackberry and raspberry for the young ones to scramble through, and little dark, leafy nooks where a fairy tale can be conned from beginning to end without the least fear of discovery; and natural arbors where, with a little help from young hands, wild vines have been trained into the branches overhead and the bushes cleared below for doll's picnics and invitation tea-drinkings. Behind the house the ground falls off in a gentle slope, and there a fine play-space has been trampled smooth by the continual running of busy feet, and there the children have a great swing hung between two trees, wherein grandma herself sometimes takes a cautious ride, and declares it to be as good as a coach-and-four. There, too, is a dove's house on a tall pole, and chickens wander round among the bushes and roost on the trees. There are abundance of little wild creatures, too, as tame as the doves and chickens. The squirrels are often seen by twos and threes around the back door, or playing near the children. But the birds! Ah, little city friends, if you could once have spent a night at Dove's Nest in early summer, and been waked at the first streak of dawn by their wild carols! Such a mad burst of sweetness as gushed from those encircling trees! You may go with mamma to concerts in gilded halls, and hear wonderful performances, no doubt; but you never heard strains that could make the heart sing and dance like that. Our Madge, of whom I am going to tell you more presently, had a pretty thought about this feathered choir when she was about four years old. "Mamma, are the birdies angels?" she asked: "I heard them say 'Glory to God' this morning."

But where are the inmates of Dove's Nest? Here we stand right before the house, and the doors and windows are all open, and yet not a soul to be seen. Hark! don't you hear a laugh of mingled voices from the further side of the grove? Papa and all of them are down there, I warrant you, for that is his base tone, and he often takes his book down by the swing in a warm morning. But there was a chattering near at hand as we came up the terrace steps. Ah, see! that low beech, close against the house, drops strange fruit: first a little shower of books, and then one, two, three, four light-haired and dark-haired boys and girls, who scamper laughing into the thicket. And see again! from under the porch peeps out a head which might have caught its hues from the warm skies of Spain. It is as quickly withdrawn, then reappears; and now creeps forth a little maiden of six or seven years, holding something inclosed in her small brown hands. Ah, Madge! By the chestnut curls, the sunny brown eyes, the richly glowing olive skin, ay, and by the torn frock and the one bare foot and the other ungartered leg, it is no other than my bright, loving, naive, untidy little favorite. What prize can she have found that she holds so carefully? With shy confidence she ventures toward us, opens the brown hands a very little, and lets us peep in upon a small crimson lizard spotted with drops of gold. Madge has not the least idea that lizards are horrid, disgusting creatures. Neither does she know that the little green and striped snakes which glide round among the bushes in the grove are so, and the only thing she has against them is that they will not stay still long enough to make her acquaintance.

But now I must tell you my little story. Madge was not what would be called a smart, a cute child, by any means. She was a dreaming little body, who lived in a world of small fancies of her own, and made many comical mistakes about common things, which, however, seemed to please those who heard them more than wit. Once, when she was a very little girl, her father found her chubby hands full of the blossoms of a beautiful tea-rose, on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," said he, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of these flowers without leave?" "But, papa," said Madge, innocently, "all these *had* leaves." But you will see more of her simplicity when you hear the story.

One morning, at breakfast, Madge heard her father saying to her older brother, a boy of fourteen:

"Now, Will, why don't you, instead of spending every quarter as fast as you get it, put your money into a bank and let it grow?" And then he told Will that if Adam had so invested a penny, and never taken it out, it would by that time have increased, I can't venture to say how much, but certainly enough to cover the world over.

This conversation sunk deep into the mind of our little Madge. Just then money had acquired a new value in her eyes, for her mother's birthday was to come in about a month, and all the children wanted to make her some beautiful present worthy of the day. On this subject Madge was in a despondent state of mind; Ellen and Jane, two and four years older, were handy little girls, though they did live in the woods, and one of them was embroidering, in great secrecy, a pair of slippers, and the other was making a lovely basket of fir-cones, both of which had been taken in hand so seasonably, that they were sure to be ready against the day. But poor Madge knew nothing either of fancy work or plain work, and if she had, never a sixpence had she wherewith to buy the needed materials. People often used to give her a penny, but it was always spent or lost or given away before the day was over; and it seemed to her that times had sadly changed since she began to feel the need of money. Nobody remembered to give her a penny in these days. But now, in the very hight of her extremity, a brilliant prospect had dawned, and she no longer feared coming empty-handed to her mother's birthday, if she could but secure one penny.

Directly after breakfast, she instituted a search among her small possessions, and to her great joy discovered, in the pocket of an old rag doll, the desired penny. Long before it had been bestowed on the young lady, on occasion of her marriage with Mr. Spindleshanks, a gentleman manufactured from a shingle by the jack-knife of brother Will. Madge made no conscience of recalling this munificent dowry, for temporary use, under the promise of soon repaying Mrs. Spindleshanks by a largely increased sum.

And now, with a beating heart, she steals down the hillside into a retired nook, and having dug in the bank a hole large enough for the purpose, she deposits therein her penny, and carefully covers it up with the sod and leaves it to grow! Why should it not? Had she not planted peas and beans, as dry and hard as could be, in her own little flower-bed, and seen them grow up into beautiful vines and flowers? The little beech-nuts fell every year on these same banks, and grew into trees, for how many times had she found the cunning little sprout with the nut still hanging to it! And her father—her father, who knew everything and always spoke the truth—had said that if money was put into a bank, it also would grow. You see, my dear, that Madge's education had been sadly neglected. Had she been sent to the infant school in the village at a proper age, she would have known the difference between the mineral and vegetable kingdoms; but being such an ignorant little puss, she had nothing for it but to "live and learn."

From this time Madge's brain was filled with thoughts quite different from those which had heretofore occupied it. Large conjectures as to the probable increase of her treasure and plans how to spend it, held her in a constant waking dream, and she became so forgetful and absent-minded, that her mother grew quite worried about her. Strangest of all, she seemed to have lost all interest about the birthday. If her sisters reproached her with this, she only shook her little head wisely and laughed. Every day she visited her bank, hoping to see the first little sprout of her money-seed. When two weeks had passed, and there was no sign of its appearance, she thought it very strange, and was sorely tempted to look into the matter, as she often had done in the case of her flower-seeds. At last she ventured to seek a little light from her father. He was busy reading. "Papa," said she, timidly, "you told Willy that if he put money in a bank it would grow; won't it grow if you take it out and put it back again?" "Better not," he replied, without looking up. "Why, papa?" "Because it only grows while it is in the bank; but what put that into your head, Madgey?" asked he, pausing now and looking into his little girl's face. "Ah, that's a secret, papa!" said Madge, running away with a merry laugh.

A new idea has now taken possession of her. Her money will not grow up into a bush, with pennies for leaves, and gold and silver coins for blossoms. Her turfy bank is a cavern, in which are going on strange and beautiful things. Fairy tales, which she had always devoutly believed, are coming true in her own experience. Gold sequins are multiplying there under the sod, she makes no doubt. Who could tell but that she should also find pearls and diamonds, and flashing red and blue and yellow stones, such as Aladdin found in the chambers of the Genii? But no matter how many or how rich were her treasures, she resolved to pour them all into her dear mother's lap on the coming birthday.

At length, the eventful morning has arrived. The children were astir with the birds; for though their presents had been all neatly folded in tissue paper, tied with bright ribbons, the night before, yet fresh flowers were to be gathered for the breakfast-table, and a wreath to be woven for the dear mother's hair. Of all the little troop, Madge alone was absent, and when the cheerful household gathered round the table, still she was not there. Mamma cast her smiling eyes round on her blooming flock, then asked: "But where's my little Madge?" "Oh, I never missed the little gipsy," cried Jane, laughing. "I dare say she's sound asleep." But no; she was not in bed; she was not in the house; she could not be found at the swing; nor could any one remember having seen the child that morning. "She'll be in directly," said papa; "she has only wandered off a little after wild flowers, and forgotten times and seasons, as usual." But papa himself was not quite as easy as he seemed; and after a minute or two, he said he would just take one look more—perhaps she had fallen asleep somewhere? This was the signal for all to scatter in various directions over the hill, while Bridget thoughtfully transferred the breakfast to the kitchen fire.

Papa was the first to come upon the clue. As he stood quite still by the swing, peering into the thicket, his ear caught the sound of a child weeping. Cautiously stealing through the bushes, he soon came upon his little wanderer, sitting at the foot of a beech, her face buried in her apron, evidently in the extremity of grief.

"Why, my little darling," said he, "what is the matter?"

At the sound of his voice, Madge's woe seemed to redouble; and it was not till he had sat down, taken her in his arms, and soothed her for some time, that she could be persuaded to give any explanation of her trouble. At length she raised her head, and stammered out, through tears and sobs, "Papa, you *said* money would grow if it was put into a bank, and I put a penny in there," pointing to the freshly disturbed earth beside her, "ever so long ago, for mamma's birthday, and—and—it never grew one bit!" The spot bore evidence of her frantic efforts to dig into the bowels of the earth with a small fire-shovel, which lay near.

"I said so, Madge?"

"Yes; you told Willy so, and me too. I *heard* you say it."

"Ah, yes, now I remember!" said papa, reflectively, with a queer smile on his face. "I did tell you so, Madgey, and I told you the truth."

"It didn't grow one bit," repeated Madge.

"But, my dear, money *will* grow in a bank, but not in such a bank as this. Plants will grow here, but not money. And I'll tell you another thing, Madgey. Little girls who don't know arithmetic can't understand about money-banks."

Madge blushed and hung her head, for the remark came near home. A moment after, she looked up very sadly, saying, with a quivering lip:

"But what shall I give mamma?"

Then papa took out his pocket-book, and having searched it through, presently produced a bran new little gold dollar, fresh from the mint. He put it into his little daughter's hand, and told her that, by-and-by, they would go to the village, and buy with it some beautiful gift, which would please mamma just as well as a basketful of gold. Then he led her to a little clear spring close by, and washed her tear-stained face, and smoothed out her curls with his pocket-comb; and then he set her on his shoulder, and danced up the hill with her, cutting so many antics on the way, and saying such funny things, that when they reached the house Madge was in a gale of laughter. Biddy caught the table-bell, and rang such a merry tinkle from it all round the cottage, that the scattered flock soon gathered again, and you may be sure there was a pretty din of questions as to the why and the how of Miss Madge's adventure. But papa only touched his forefinger wisely to his nose, shook his head mysteriously, and said nothing.

Then the coffee, and toast, and broiled chicken were brought back, and it seemed as if every one had been out to buy a fresh appetite and a new stock of fun. Papa was certainly never so droll before; and as Madge sat next him, he whispered such funny nonsense in her ear, which nobody else was to hear, that she quite forgot her ill luck in raising money. And, after a while, the two walked together down to the village book-store, and the little gold dollar was spent on a small New Testament, with gilt edges, and purple morocco covers, and a bright crimson satin mark, hanging out between the leaves. Mamma was as much astonished and pleased at the beautiful gift from her little girl as could be desired, and when she said that she would rather have had it than anything else in the world, Madge was thoroughly comforted. And so the day was a happy day after all.

When Madge was kissing her father "good-night," she put her arms round his neck and whispered:

"Please, papa, don't tell."

"Only mamma," he whispered back.

The next day, almost without her knowing it, he contrived to draw out her little story more fully; and he and mamma agreed that the dreaming little brain must be well ballasted with facts, or it would be in danger of shipwreck. So a gentle course of spelling, and arithmetic, and geography was commenced immediately, and was taken to so kindly that in a year or two Madge became a very studious and industrious little girl. Meanwhile, nobody but papa and mamma knew of her experiment in banking money; nor did even they know, till she had grown up a tall young lady, what wild visions had been conjured up by a chance word in her childish brain, or how keen had been the pain of waking.

WRITTEN IN A THEOLOGIAN'S LIBRARY.

BY G. D. BREWERTON.

Silent, yet full of speech, they stand, ranged in their formal rows,
Divinity on either hand mingles with lighter prose:
Here heavy folios tell of thought more ponderous than pleasant,
The sage experience of the past, or theories of the present.
While Fancy in her airy flight gives birth to new creation,
Stern Logic moves with measured tread to prove a demonstration;
So "Hammond on the Canons" doth make a good report,
No heavier artillery for money could be bought,
Flanked on the right by "Tennyson;" upon the left is found
"Hume's History of England," in somber colors bound;
While Shakespeare with his "Merry Wives" and "Midsummer-Night Dream"
Lies sandwiched 'twixt an "Atlas" and "Putnam's Magazine;
And here the "Waverleys" in line, like soldiers on parade,
Stand ready for the reader in greenish cloth arrayed.
Poor "Tommy Moore," that naughty man, seems sadly out of place,
As 'twixt the Testament and Psalms he shows his russet face;
And here upon the self-same shelf "De Quincey's Works' I find,
With "Doctor More" upon the theme of "Body and of Mind;"
And there, for fear an opiate might lull the brain to sleep,
"Macaulay" with his facile pen may bid you laugh or weep!
And see upon the rank below how "History" takes her stand,
With truthful period to depict the gloomy or the grand—
For gravest "Commentators" sit cheek by jowl with fops,
While Rhetoric teaches how to speak, and Grammar minds her stops!
What matter? Though this mingled lore provoke a careless smile,
The wise will treasure up the thought it teaches us the while.
Each brain hath labored in its way, and wrought for good or ill—
To leave upon the days to come an impress of its will—
To touch with hues of morning or shroud with mists of night—
To lead or bar the spirit in its struggle toward the light.
For man is either wax or seal—impressor or impressed:
There's not a heart that beats but leans upon some brother's breast;
And influence, like the stone that stirs the waters of the lake
Till far away upon the strand the circling ripples break,
Shall swell the tide and stir the soul though the writer be forgot,
And give to men unborn the keys which joy and pain unlock.
Oh, then, with high endeavor and pure unselfish heart,
In working for the future, be thine the helper's part,
Draw heaven's own inspiration from the highest, holiest shrine,
And wait in faith the blessing that glows from a source divine.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 19, 1862.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

Christianity is admirably adapted to the necessities and demands of the human race. Wherever its benign influence is exerted, whether in the wilds of Africa or amid the eternal snows of the Polar regions, it is attended with the happiest results. Before its majestic march, sin, with all its pernicious effects, are dispelled like the gloom of midnight before the rising sun. No country so remote but that its power can reach it, no heart so sad but that its sorrow may be dissipated. Furthermore, it is eminently practical in its nature. As coin is of little service unless put in circulation, so is it with the religion of Jesus Christ. It did not satisfy Jacob because there was an abundance of corn in Egypt, but rather it increased his anxiety. Hence he said unto his sons, "Get you down thither and buy for us from thence, that we may live and not die." The truths of Christianity, we grant, have found a lodgment in thousands of believing hearts; and yet the masses are dying for the light and comfort which those believers might impart.

If a man is a skillful physician, he must demonstrate that fact before implicit confidence can be reposed in him. A lawyer may possess talents equal to those of a Webster, yet if he fails to disclose the fact he will unquestionably suffer for the lack of clients. The world will be convinced of the truths of Christianity when *all* of its professors shall exemplify its precepts in practical life.

Much has been written on "the Christianity required by the times." The kind of Christianity most imperatively demanded is that which goes to the hut of poverty, and the outcast in the gutter, and says in tones of gentle and loving accents, "Why will ye die?" We may reasonably expect the dawning of the millennial morn when we shall recognize in every man a brother, and in every woman a sister, irrespective of caste or nationality. All complain of the shortness of human life, y t how various are the expedients to which we resort in order to "kill time." Now is the time to speak words of love, and perform acts of kindness; and not after the weary soul has returned to its God. Many who sought, and vainly sought, while in the flesh, to secure just one word of kindness, a solitary expression of good-will, from their associates, would be surprised to hear their names exalted were they permitted to return. The man in a ragged coat, from whom we cautiously shrink as we pass, may have under that ragged coat a title to "an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

The Christian is not unfrequently inclined to wish that the journey of life were over, and he safely anchored in the broad bay of heaven.

It is very evident, however, that God does not wish us there as yet, or he would send for us. Infinitely more can be accomplished by *living* for God than by dying for him.

God depends upon living men to accomplish his purposes on the earth. Dead men are simply dead men. Whitfield, Wesley, Howard, and others, have all passed away. We are to take their places. But whether we do or not, God has determined that the world shall yet be redeemed though ten thousand nations are swept away, and a new Adam and Eve have to be created. N. H.

Harlem, N. Y.

A YOUNG LADY'S LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Dear Hattie: I *did* go to Washington to look a little after our national affairs. They seemed to be going all awry, or had entirely stopped, I didn't know which. I thought it high time to see after them a little. So one fine morning in good season I started, and reached that den of corruption at evening.

Of course one of the first things to be done was to see the President. When I entered, the anxious, careworn look which he latterly wears passed from his face, and an expression of grateful relief succeeded.

He immediately dismissed his private secretary and his other attendants, and commenced asking my opinion concerning the latest complication of affairs. And then it was that I first heard that it was proposed to dismiss Cameron from the Cabinet. When addressing me on the subject, the President apologetically added that it had been too secret a matter to intrust to the telegraph, and that he had not written to me of it, because he knew I was coming down so soon, and, under the circumstances, he thought it was better that I should hear it by word of mouth. I knew what he meant; and when he afterwards asked me what I thought, I told him exactly what I *did* think. I told him that he was elected to be the servant of the whole United States and not of Kentucky alone; that if he preferred instead to be the lackey of Kentucky or any other border state, he might go and stay with her; that the people who elected him to serve them would be very glad to wash their hands of him. He meekly inquired what Kentucky had to do with it. I told him he knew well enough, and so did we all, and had known ever since Fremont's proclamation was modified. He looked conscious and abashed.

I then asked who was to be put in Mr. Cameron's place, adding I hoped it would be Banks. "No," said Mr. Lincoln, "Stanton." Then I assure you I was angry enough to reproduce the oaths of Queen Elizabeth, but Lincoln stopped me, and asked if I knew Stanton. I told him not personally, but I knew his political antecedents. He said, "Well! before you say anything more, go and ask Sumner about him." "What! Sumner?" "Yes, Sumner!" So I went immediately to Sumner. He was delighted to see me; said that Stanton didn't care much about slavery as a moral question, but had come to a firm conclusion that it was a bad thing for the country, and was determined to give it the cold shoulder. We had a long talk, and I was somewhat pacified.

I went to see Lincoln again soon after, and he consulted me about various plans that were in prospect—but all these things you will learn from the newspapers. I told him very plainly that "we *must* have a policy; that that policy must be in accordance with the laws of—" He broke in there, saying "he knew what I was coming to;" and said he, somewhat under his breath, "I have looked at this question in every light, and I begin to believe you are right. I have always wanted slavery abolished, but I didn't believe we had any constitutional right to touch the matter; but the more I look into the Constitution, the more I see in it the power granted to do *anything* to put down a rebellion; and in regard to the slaves—" Here a shrill voice called "Abraham! Abraham!" I recognized the voice of Mrs. Lincoln, and as she and I had always been enemies, I immediately withdrew. My opinion is that she had been listening at the keyhole.

I then visited the camps, two of them thoroughly. They seemed to be in excellent order, the men under good discipline, sober, industrious, contented. I told all the picket guards who examined passes not to return fugitive slaves, and they said they would not. Of course, they won't after this. I blew up Dr. Oakley for his pro-slavery sentiments, but it seems he came down again, for he was the means of dismissing the Hutchinsons from the lines. Most of the camps looked clean and nice, but some of them were slovenly, like the tumbledown places in cities. I reported on all these matters to the Sanitary Commission.

When I went to see Sumner the first time, he asked me to come back and read over his speech on the Mason and Slidell affair before he delivered it. I did so, and told him I approved of it highly. He asked me if I wished any alterations, and then I set him right on one or two authorities, which he had a little misunderstood, and told him I would like to make a few changes in phraseology. I put in one or two phrases, such as "flagrant insolence" and "penitent power." He laughed a good deal, and said it was a good suggestion.

On Thursday evening I went to hear Cheever, agreeably to appointment, for he had written me some weeks ago, when he was first invited to lecture, saying he didn't like to venture unless I would be there to give him my countenance. I told him I certainly would, and that was the reason I chanced to go down just at this time. The Doctor was never more trenchant, mild in his manner, severely probing in his words, entirely true to himself, as if he had been in New York or Boston. And certainly no one could ask a better reception. The enthusiasm was overpouring, the concentrated strength of the whole North in an audience of a few hundred. Southerners and slaveholders too were there; senators and army officers also; in fact, all classes of people were represented. Fremont and John Brown were applauded to the echo. Mr. Pomeroy and I exchanged glances of satisfaction. Mr. Harlan looked and clapped his gratification. The Hutchinsons sang, and on the whole I thought I had got up the thing very well, and that the effect would be good.

Yours, Judea.

"Blessed is he that Considereth the Poor."—"I am so glad Susan is to have some presents," said Edgar Thompson, a little before Christmas. He knew "the times are hard," and that his parents had no money to spend except for the necessaries of life, and he did not expect any presents himself. Susan is a little cousin of the "contrabands" who lives in his mother's family, and Edgar was pleased that she was to receive a variety of toys, such as she would like, because, as he said, "she is a little girl, and it will make her happy." He looked about the house to see what he could find to put in her stocking, and he succeeded so well that it was filled to the top. Susan had a merry Christmas, and so did Edgar too. He had remembered the poor, and he too was remembered.

The Bible tells us, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." May not Edgar receive this blessing as truly as he who contributes thousands of dollars to their comfort? Anna Hope.

The End of the Pilgrimage.—Fear not, thou that longest to be at home. A few steps more and thou art there. Death to God's people is but a ferry-boat. Every day, and every hour, the boat pushes off with some of the saints, and returns for more. Soon, O believer, it will be said to thee as it was to her in the Gospel, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." When you are got to the boundary of your race below, and stand on the verge of heaven and the confines of immortality, then there will be nothing but the short valley of death between you and the promised land; the labors of your pilgrimage will then be on the point of conclusion, and you will have nothing to do but to entreat God, as Moses did, "I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."—*Teplady.*

THE NIGHT IS FAR SPENT.

Awaken, O chosen and faithful!
And see that your lamps burn bright;
For thick fall the evening shadows,
Then follows the deep, dark night.
The train hath set forth for the Marriage,
The Bridegroom is on His way,
And silently cometh the midnight;—
Awaken, and watch, and pray!

—*Songs of Eternal Life.*

Selections.

THE NEW SONG.

Beyond the hills where suns go down,
And brightly beckon as they go,
I see the land of far renown,
The land which I so soon shall know.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime,
The music of unjarring chords.

I bid it welcome; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay;
O song of morning, come at last,
And ye who sing it, come away!

O song of light, and dawn, and bliss,
Sound over earth, and fill these skies,
Nor ever, ever, ever cease
Thy soul-entrancing melodies.

Glad song of this disburdened earth,
Which holy voices then shall sing;
Praise for creation's second birth,
And glory to creation's King!

SARAH GOODWIN AND HER BOYS.

A STORY OF A PURSE OF GOLD.

Sarah Goodwin was the name of a poor seamstress residing in the city of New York. She was not wholly friendless; but those whom she knew, and who would have aided her in her struggles, were very poor, and could not. So she, a widow with four boys from the ages of four to nine years, struggled through winter's cold and summer's heat, providing her little family with bread; and that was all. Her boys were good children, always in their home after nightfall, and giving their mother every cent of their little earnings, as often as they found work to do. At last the mother fell sick, and through a weary illness she had no other attendance save the occasional help of a neighbor and the constant aid of her poor little boys. It was touching to behold their kind ways and to hear their gentle words. Everybody said that they would be blessed in coming years for their thoughtful love toward their mother.

The widow recovered: but it was now the middle of a bitter winter, and their little stock of fuel was nearly gone. As soon as her strength permitted, she walked through the cold of a cheerless day to the shop of her employer, and told him her pitiful story. But he said it was hard times; her illness had made room for others as destitute as herself, and they had not one stitch of work to give her. With a sinking heart, but praying, to keep her courage up, the poor woman toiled on from shop to shop, until it became late; and, what with tears and the darkness, she could hardly see her way home.

"If Mr. Hart had himself been there," she said to herself, bending to the strong wind, and drawing her scanty shawl closer about her form, "I know he would have given me work."

As she whispered thus through her chattering teeth, a tall gentleman passed by her; and as he did so, something fell to the sidewalk and lay upon the crusted snow. Sarah paused; she had heard the noise made by the little packet, and a strange impression led her to search for it. Oh, joy! it was a purse, heavy and filled to the brim; yellow and shining lay the gold within, as she carried it toward a lighted window.

"My poor boys, they shall want food no more," she cried; "this is gold. I think that God must have put it in my way, for he saw I was in despair."

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought occurred to Sarah, that not one cent of the treasure was honestly hers. But a moment she lingered, pressing the money with numbed fingers, the sorrowful tears chasing down her thin cheeks; then starting forward to find the owner of the purse, she walked hurriedly up the street, fearful that the temptation, should she arrive at her poor room and see her hungry children, might prove too strong for her honesty.

Opposite the great hotel, as she stood thinking which way to take, she saw the stranger enter. She knew him by the long hair which curled to his shoulders, and, rapidly crossing the street, she made her way into the hall, and there bewildered by the light, knew not what to say, till twice asked by a servant what she wanted. Of course, she could do no more than describe the stranger by his tall stature and flowing hair. But he had already gone out again; she must call on the morrow, they said, and ask for Mr. Ashcraft.

The next morning, having eaten nothing—for she could not touch a farthing of the gold—she was admitted into the room where sat the stranger. He arose as she entered, and gazed with a curious air till she presented the purse. Then he started with pleased surprise, laid down his paper, took the gold, and carefully counted it over.

"It is all safe," he said; "you have not taken—"

"Not one piece, sir," she cried eagerly, trembling as she spoke.

"You seem poor," remarked the stranger.

"I am poor," she replied.

"Got a family, I suppose?"

"Four little boys, sir; I am a widow."

"Humph! so I suppose; that's the old story."

"Ask Mr. Hart, the tailor," cried the widow, stepping forward a little; "he knows that, though I am poor, I am honest."

A bright red spot burned on her cheeks as she spoke, and she forced back the tears.

"Now confess," said the stranger, rising and walking to and fro before the fire, "tell me, did you not expect a large reward for this?"

"I did think, perhaps—" and she turned with quivering lips to the door.

"Stop, stop!" cried the stranger, 'you know you would never have returned the purse, had you not expected to be well paid for it."

"Sir!" said the widow, her voice rising beyond its usual tone, and her thin form erect.

The stranger paused, holding the purse in his hand; then drawing forth a small coin, offered it to her.

For a moment she drew back; but then remembering that her poor boys were hungry at home, and in bed because there was no fire, she burst into tears as she took it, saying, "This will buy bread for my poor children," and hurrying away, she buried the bitterness of that morning in her own heart.

It was four o'clock on the same day: Sarah Goodwin sat by a scanty fire, busy in sewing patches on the very poor clothes of her four boys.

"Run to the door, Jimmy," said she to the eldest, as a loud knock was heard.

"Oh, mother!" the boy cried, returning, "a big bundle for us! What is it? What can it be?"

"Work for me, perhaps," said the widow, untieing the large package, when suddenly there came to light four suits of gray clothes, with four neat black shining caps, each set exactly fitting to the head of her boys. Almost overcome with wonder, the widow fell on her knees, her eyes fixed on the words, "A present for the fatherless;" while the boys, laying hold of their suits of clothes, danced about the floor shouting with glee.

"What's in the pocket here? what's in the pocket?" cried Jimmy, thrusting his hand into that place; when, lo! out came the very purse of gold the widow had returned that morning.

A scene of joyous confusion followed, and the voice of prayer ascended from Sarah Goodwin's full heart. Again and again she counted the glittering treasure, fifty dollars. It seemed an almost endless fortune. How her heart ran over with gratitude to God and the stranger!

She could not rest, till, throwing on her bonnet, with cheeks glowing now with hope and happiness, she ran back to the hotel to pour forth her thanks.

A carriage stood at the door laden with trunks behind. The driver mounted the seat as she had reached the step, and, turning her head, there within sat the stranger. She had not time to speak; but he nodded his head, as he saw her with clasped hands standing there, and a prayer on her lips. Sarah never saw the stranger again. She took a little shop and stocked it well, and put her boys to school. To-day she is the owner of a respectable shop. Of her four boys, two are ministers, one is a doctor, and the other a thriving tradesman.

Nobody knows where the man with the flowing hair has gone; but if he is living, and should ever hear of Widow Goodwin, he will have the consolation of knowing the noble results of this generous deed toward the worthy woman and her four boys.—*Child's Companion.*

The Prayer of Hope.—O eternal Light! without which we cannot live, abide with us in this sad world of night and sin. O Sun of life and grace! show thyself to us specially, when we are about to quit this vale of tears! O Prince of life! when our eyes are closing on the light of day, take us by the hand and lift us up to the palace of thy glory, where we shall behold thee with open face, on the day of the resurrection of the just. With the warmth of thy divine love revive the ashes in our tombs on the great day of the restitution of all things; and from these ashes raise those plants which shall bloom for ever, and adorn the paradise of God!—*Drelincourt.*

VICTIMS OF BALL'S BLUFF.

The body of the late Lieut. Reinhold Wesselhoeft, Company C, Twentieth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, who was drowned at the battle of Ball's Bluff, was interred in the Oak Hill Cemetery at Georgetown. Lieut. Wesselhoeft was the son of the late Dr. Wesselhoeft of Boston, who was eminent for his literary and scientific abilities, and who was exiled from Germany in the revolution of 1848. Young Wesselhoeft was an officer of merit, and a young man of uncommonly fine personal qualities. His fate, and that of his friend, Captain Babo, were peculiarly sad. They were attached personal friends, bound to each other by the ties of nativity and association, by common sacrifices to liberty, and common hopes and purposes as to freedom's future. They had both fought bravely and well on that ill-fated day—had fought against hope, but with unconquerable coolness and courage. Side by side they had led their commands to repeated and hopeless charges, and when all was over, together they essayed escape by swimming the river.

"I won't be taken prisoner," said Captain Babo, and the two friends, both expert swimmers, struck out together for the Maryland shore. As they neared the island, a volley was fired by the enemy. One was immediately heard to utter an exclamation in German, signifying that he had been hit. The other turned to his assistance. Neither was afterward seen until the body of Lieut. Wesselhoeft was found, a fortnight later, below the Great Falls of the Potomac. As no wound was discovered upon his person, it is presumed that it was Captain Babo who was shot, and that Lieut. Wesselhoeft lost his life in attempting to save his friend. It is certain that neither would have deserted the other, and that the fate of either would have been shared by both. The body of Captain Babo, if recovered, has not been identified. This is but one incident of an event which was an accumulation of tragedies, and for which nobody is responsible. Of our two friends we may say:

"Sleep in peace with kindred ashes
Of the noble and the true;
Hands that never failed their country,
Hearts that baseness never knew."

—*National Republican.*

"COME, LORD JESUS."

The Bride answers this entreaty of her Lord by asking him to come quickly. "Make haste, my beloved, and be thou like to a roe or a young hart" (literally, a fawn of the gazelles) "on the mountains of spices." (Song v. 14.)

He had told her before that he would go to the "mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense" till the day should break. She now entreats him to hasten to her as fleetly as the young roe. And surely it should be the instant and earnest desire of every Christian that his Lord would hasten his coming. The apostles continually remind their hearers of this. "To wait for his Son from heaven;" (1 Thess. i. 10;) "Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the Lord" (2 Pet. iii. 12.)

And the very last words of the New Testament contain what should be the Christian's heartfelt petition—

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Are we waiting for and loving his appearing? Are we *ready* for his coming—our loins girded and our lights burning?

How seldom are we ready, like the bride, to confess him before all men, and to forget ourselves in looking at him! But blessed be God, the remedy is at hand. Let us look up at him, and the very look will heal us. It is by gazing on him we must grow like him: and may the Spirit of God enable us to gaze more and more constantly on him, seeking more and more entirely to be conformed to the mind that is in him, as that "with open (or unveiled) face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord," we may be changed "into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."

Then, when he comes, we shall see and rejoice in the glorious day when "the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." (Rev. xix. 9.) Then his bride will appear with him, "clothed in fine linen, clean and white," "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband;" (Rev. xix. 8, xxi. 2;) and then, and not till then, it will be fully known and understood, witnessed by men and angels, how blessed is the portion of those who are united by a living faith to him, whom he will "present faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."—*The Bride of Christ.*

A BURIAL AT SUNSET.

We laid her down to summer rest;
Soft dews of healing o'er her fell;
The eyes that loved her watched her well,
As sank that sunset down the west.

Did no strange thrill our pulses stir?
Whispered no fear with chilling breath?
Nor felt we that the angel Death,
Silent and awful, watched with her!

Stately and calm above us then
The gates were opened; straight, we knew,
Our friend was passing softly through:
She came not back to us again.

While those afar, who loved her best,
Were saying, "Lo, the Spirit saith,
To those 'in Christ' THERE IS NO DEATH!"
She sank as sunset down the west!

HOW TO DEAL WITH DELINQUENTS.

A subscriber, evidently much troubled in mind, asks us "what can be done when a church refuses to notice a member who has proved himself worthy of censure? Suppose the members of a church neglect the meetings for more than two years, and nothing is done about it, what would you recommend? Some of these delinquents in our church conducted in such a manner that I felt it my duty to take up a church labor with them, and failing to bring about a reconciliation, I went to the deacons and requested them to go with me and see these members, and they told me it was not best to be in a hurry. I went again and found them still unwilling to act, though they confessed there was perhaps reason for discipline. The truth is, the church do not live up to the covenant, and nothing is done about it."

If there is this state of death in a church, and one member has life enough to feel and know it, let that one seek to make himself or herself the source of life to others. If the mother wakes and finds her children cold in bed, what does she do? Kick them out? Oh, no, that would make them colder still, and might endanger their lives. Does she not rather get them nearer her heart, that her own warmth may be infused into them? So the warm Christian in a cold church must act. Get your brethren as near your heart as possible, and try to infuse into them some of your own warmth. If you drive them from you, there is no hope in their case. There is no possibility of healing an exscinded limb.

Discipline is necessary in a church, but when all the members are unspiritual, who is to do the work? Paul assigns this work only to the spiritual. "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are *spiritual* restore such a one in the spirit of meekness." Mark, it is *restore*, not *exclude—heal*, and not *kill*. And this restoring and healing is to be done by fervent Christians, spi

friend, who was at that time in sorrowful circumstances.

DONATION VISITS.

The Springfield Republican devotes an admirable editorial article to the consideration of the subject of donation visits to ministers. It inveighs severely against regarding the gifts made at these visits in the light of pay for services, and thus putting the minister in the light of a beggar, instead of one who has fairly and hardly earned his stipend. It closes thus:

"Ministers ought to be treated like men. The time has gone by for considering them a class separate and distinct from the rest of humanity. They have the same wants and necessities as the rest of us, and the same means will supply them. There is no objection, of course, to making your minister a present, as you would any other friend, and the greater the value of such a gift the better, if you can afford it. But let him feel that it is a free-will offering, a token of affection, and not that something which may be of no pecuniary value to him is being forced on him as a part of his salary. This is the objectionable feature of donation visits, as at present conducted in very many places; the gifts are made to represent a value which they do not possess, and are used for the payment of just dues for the liquidation of which they are insufficient. The very thought of paying a minister his hard-earned wages in such a manner should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any man who wishes to be thought honorable or just. The proper name for such a proceeding is cheating, and so men would consider it in reference to any one else but the minister. There has been a great improvement in this matter of donation visits within the past few years, but there is still room for more, especially in country parishes. If they could be abolished altogether, it would be a benefit to the people in more respects than one, and the favorable result on the pocket and the self-respect of the minister would be almost beyond estimate."

NO SABBATH.

In a "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there occurs the following striking passage:

"Yoke-fellows! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes, with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous, and continuous, and eternal cycle—limbs for ever on the rack, the fingers for ever playing, the eye-balls for ever straining, the brow for ever sweating, the feet for ever plodding, and brain for ever throbbing, the shoulders for ever drooping, the loins for ever aching, and the restless mind for ever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface, of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish, of the giant strength it would tame, of the resources of nature that it would exhaust, of the aspirations it would crush, of sickness it would breed, of the projects it would wreck, of the groans it would extort, of the lives it would immolate, of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig. See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the city and in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

THE THREE STAGES OF PIETY.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Rabia sick upon her bed,
By two saints was visited,
Holy Malik, Hassan wise,—
Men of mark in Moslem eyes.
Hassan says, "Whose prayer is pure
Will God's chastisements endure."
Malik, from a deeper sense,
Uttered his experience:
"He who loves his Master's choice
Will in chastisement rejoice."
Rabia saw some selfish will
In their maxims lingering still.
And replied, "O men of grace!
He who sees his Master's face
Will not in his prayer recall
That he is chastised at all."

CHRISTIANS UNCHRISTIANIZING.

In the memoirs of Varnhagen von Ense, just issued from the German press, Humboldt is reported as crowing over Tholuck, who had been induced to go to the opera. "What, this pietist there too? It shows how little he believes in what he preaches." No doubt Tholuck was flattered to his face by his worldly friends for his liberality. Behind his back, however, he is laughed at as a hypocrite. And then, from the whole narrative, we see that the inconsistency of which Tholuck was thus guilty, was used by unbelievers as a tacit admission on his part that his preaching was untrue. They fortified themselves in their unbelief by his weakness.

Does not such an inside view of the world's opinions of the church's inconsistencies, teach an important lesson to each of us?—*Episcopal Recorder.*

TEMPERANCE FOR ARMY AND NAVY.

The hand of God is in the temperance cause, and as he has done wonders for us, he may now do wonders for our army. Good men, trusting in him, *have driven rum into disgrace.* Fifty years ago, the best of men sold it,—now, with rare exceptions, none but the worst. Then all drank, and nearly all were drunken. Then city bells rang out the eleven o'clock *toddy hour*, and men marched to dram-shops by church music! We were in darkness. We had not investigated the great field of intemperance. But now the bounds are established—the stakes driven down, to stand as long as the world stands. He is blind, he is an infidel, who fails to see God in this precious and glorious reform. Hence we are encouraged to give our army temperance documents in *abundance*, and call upon God to make them effective.

Masses of our troops, in process of time, will come home; hence we should forestall the vices they may diffuse, by creating a temperance atmosphere so bracing and so pure as to render them harmless, if possible.

We beg the friends of God and man to awake to duty in this crisis. Some can give their time and strength, others their money, to this cause. All can do their part to stay a curse which is slaying thousands in our camps—which, if not stayed, will sweep over us like a prairie fire, and, we fear, equal the rebellion in mischief. *Prevention is better than cure.* "We speak as unto wise men, judge ye."—*Geo. Trask.*

"CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.'

Our Savior was sitting on the side of one of the hills near the western shore of the Sea of Galilee. These hills were on the southern border of a broad and fertile meadow, stretching inland for more than a mile. The red and purple lilies were well known there, as Pliny has told us, and they readily suggested, by their colors, the robes which in those days were a part of the insignia of monarchs; whence the fitness of the allusion to the apparel of "Solomon in all his glory." There could have been no flower more appropriately "considered," none more forcibly associated with Solomon and the times of his "glory." It was at once a royal and a sacred flower. It had been wrought upon the molten sea, and carved upon the two noted pillars of the temple porch. It was the favorite in the flower imagery of the Song of Solomon, and now these lilies were blooming upon the plains and fields before them. Their grace and beauty were the more remarkable in that they grew so freely. They spring up from every field, shedding their fragrance upon every passing breeze, decorating the thorn as well as the olive, indebted to no one's care but God's, to his sunshine and his rains alone, for their existence and their beauty. They had survived the rending apart of the kingdom. They had remained upon the fields, and had been "clothed" and renewed in their weakness, while strong ones had been carried into captivity, or scourged by sword and by pestilence. "Consider the lilies of the field." In all this, every lily had its duty to perform—its place to fill in the cycles of the Creator's great and various purposes. Every lily-stalk was gifted with its minute channels, up which it drew the life-sap God had provided—it opened its petals in due season, and lavishly gave to the passing breeze its grateful incense of fragrance, or it smiled in its beauty under the warm rays of a spring-time sun. There it stood, quietly working out its duty and its history—"toiling not nor spinning"—a never-failing witness to God's condescending care and mysterious providence—a picture of a sublime truth enfolded in its petals, that God's eternal power may be felt and known in a leaf as in a world, and that the footprints of God's loving presence may be very near us, while to find them we are wandering far away.—*Rev. J. P. Newman.*

Having a Desire to Depart.—It is strange when Christians, far from desiring to depart and be with Christ, feel such horror at the mere thought of death as to tremble whenever it is mentioned. No one has made progress in the school of Jesus Christ who does not look for the day of his departure with joy.—*Calvin.*

Daily Living.—Look upon every day as the whole of life, not merely as a section; and enjoy the present, without wishing, through haste, to spring on to another section now lying before you.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Foreign Miscellany.

The Federal Government of America has read a lesson to kings. It has acted in a spirit worthy of even its earliest and freshest days, when the impulse of new liberty was still a passion and a religion. Placed in a position of the uttermost danger, it has not lost courage or composure; tried by the strongest temptation, it has not swerved from the right. In surrendering the Confederate Commissioners on the ground that the "Government cannot deny the justice of England's claim," the President of America has done an act of true courage which would, if such an addition were possible, have added new dignity even to the career of a Washington. If this be the act of a mob Government, then mobs must sometimes reach to a nobleness and a spirit of justice sadly uncommon in the history of governments by princes and peers. The Federal Government was subjected to one of the severest trials possible for the ruling power of a brave and sensitive people to undergo. The statesmen of the Washington Cabinet were at once summoned to surrender on pain of instant war, and taunted with cowardice in the event of their compliance. How hard it is to see the justice of a demand which is urged by one who claps a pistol to our head! How much harder still if we are told that refusing to yield we shall be instantly shot!—yielding we shall be branded as baffled cowards! Are there not many men, high-minded and full of honorable principle—are there not many governments ordinarily straightforward and just—who would rather risk all than submit to such a demand, who would become incapable of recognizing the justice of any claim sustained in such a manner? It is impossible to deny that it was in this tone the utterances of that which too many believe to be English public opinion, echoed across the Atlantic into the ears of the Federal Government. That Government has taught the world a splendid lesson. It has been just, and feared not. It feared not even the imputation of yielding to force what it would fain have denied to right. Calmly, in the midst of immense popular excitement all around; passionless, despite of the insults and the taunts which every new packet brought from London, the Federal Government considered the question, decided, and in the face of the world repaired the error of its zealous and impulsive servant. The foundation of the United States was welcomed as the first grand recognition of human freedom as the central principle of government. May not this latest act of the United States be welcomed as the first great acknowledgment of the principles of justice in the guidance of international diplomacy?

Nor is honor only due to the Federal Government. The people and the press of the United States deserve the highest credit for their demeanor during this trying crisis. With the exception of one journal, which really may be taken as an exception when praise of any kind is spoken, the newspapers of the United States evinced throughout this dispute a calmness and a moderation as honorable to them as rebuking to some of their British contemporaries. Only those who were compelled by duty to watch and study the tone of the American journals during the late period, can form any true idea of the manner in which it contrasted with the temper and the language of two at least of the principal London newspapers. Any Englishman who desires to learn what extent of brutal bullying may be tolerated and encouraged in a moment of national passion, can do nothing better than to read over in a calm moment the leading columns of *The Times* and *The Morning Post* for the past three or four weeks. We think with shame, as English journalists, of the manner in which, day after day, these two English newspapers have been slandering, taunting, insulting the Government and the people of the United States. No language more foul and bitter could have been employed by either journal if the very name of American had been the acknowledged synonym of all that is false, base, and cowardly. People talk here of *The New York Herald* in terms of just contempt and detestation. When has *The New York Herald* written anything so coarse, so slanderous, so vulgar, so false, as *The Times* and *The Morning Post* have written of the American Government and people day after day during the recent crisis, with a systematic infamy of language and baseness of purpose? Had all this been done to intimidate the Federal Government, to force it into yielding to our demand, it would have been sufficiently mean and cowardly, but not, perhaps, wholly inexcusable. It might have seemed a sort of brutal extravagance of zeal on behalf of our national interest. But it had not this excuse. It was not done to induce the Americans to concede. It was done with the deliberate purpose of goading on the proud and sensitive people of the Northern states into some passionate defiance of England, in order that England, being the stronger, might crush and trample her free offspring. All that *The Times* and *The Morning Post* could do by taunts, by jeers, by vulgar insult of every kind, was exhausted in the effort to provoke the North into a vehement refusal. It was the hope and the effort of these journals that at the very least the Federal Government might be forced into a collision with the people of the United States, and the principle of democracy be thus endangered. But it was their dearer hope still that the Federal Government might be stung into resistance; in order that England should plunge furiously into a war—that England, the country which first strove to abolish slavery, should now win a victory for slavery with her own blood—that England, which boasts of her own free and popular Government, should crush the only great and free democracy existing on the earth. If the Federal Government had seen into the very heart of the plot against its existence, it could not have more completely frustrated and defeated it than by the manly, calm, and dignified course it has so bravely adopted.

Is it not painful now to know that, nearly all the time the popular excitement lasted here, all the time the journals we have mentioned were striving to madden two nations, our Government at home was perfectly aware of what the result would be, was perfectly cognizant of the temper of the Federal Government, and yet suffered no hint to escape which might have relieved England of her anxiety, and saved her from the shameful exhibitions we have described? During almost the whole of the crisis our Government was aware of the existence of a dispatch from Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams, declaring that Captain Wilkes had acted without instructions, and assuring England of the best disposition on the part of the Washington Cabinet. Was not even *The Morning Post* paid for its shameless service by a hint of the existence of such a document? Or did that journal, well aware of the fact, deliberately suppress it lest such an admission might spoil the game it sought to play? It is not thus that the Government of France, that the Governments even of Prussia and Austria, act with the nations they rule. Such a dispatch would not have been kept a secret during a period of such terrible excitement in Paris, in Berlin, or in Vienna. We must only congratulate ourselves that the extraordinary silence of our Government has not lent too effective an aid to the tongues of *The Times* and *The Post*. We cannot help, too, congratulating all lovers of freedom and of order upon the great fact that in a moment of almost unparalleled passion and danger the peace of Europe has been secured by the calmness, the high principle, the justice of a purely democratic Government.—*London Morning Star, Jan.* 10.

A LITERARY VETERAN.

To the Editors of The Independent:

The inclosed extract, which I cut from *The Manchester* (Eng.) *Alliance News*, is quite too good not to have the widest possible circulation. As it describes the habits of a distinguished literary veteran, who has maintained remarkable health and vigor, both of mind and body, I think it cannot fail to interest a large class of your readers.

Yours truly, Amasa Walker.

N. Brookfield, Jan. 22, 1862.

William Howitt on Temperance.—I am temperate because I have seen and felt the good policy of it. As a literary man, if I had fallen in with ordinary literary habits, I should not have been sitting here to write about the advantages of temperance. If I had lived as the majority of literary men of this age, as "a man about town;" if I had lived in town, and kept the usual late hours, and passed evening after evening in hot crowded rooms, breathing the deadly poison of physical effluvia, gas, and air deprived of its ozone; if I had sate over the bottle at late suppers, foolishly called dinners; and, in short, had "jollified," as my literary contemporaries call it, I should have been gone thirty years ago. As it is, I have seen numbers of literary men, much younger than myself, dying off like rotten sheep—some in their very early youth, few of them becoming old. They have acquired great reputations; for, if you take notice, they who collect about the press, and jollify with one another, and cry up one another as prodigies, are the men who become most popular: and "verily they have their reward." They reap much money, and much temporary fame; but at what price do they purchase it? At the cost of bodily as well as mental comfort; at the cost of life itself. For my part, seeing the victims to "fast life" daily falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains; the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body; the blessings of a quiet, domestic life, and a more restricted but not less enjoyable circle of society. I am now fast approaching my seventieth year. I cannot, indeed, say that I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the assistance of doctors. I have had the constant attendance of these four famous ones: Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours. And now a word on work. Those who imagine that I only wag a goose-quill, mistake a little. In that department, indeed, I have perhaps done as much work as any man living. Often, in early years, I labored assiduously sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles, or more, in all weather. I work hard in my garden, and could tire down a tolerable man at that sort of thing. During my two years' travel in Australia, when about sixty, I walked, often under a burning sun of 120 or 130 degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day for days and weeks together; worked at digging gold, in great heat, and against young, active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers, for neither man nor nature had made many bridges, and let my clothes dry upon my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread before I ate it; slept occasionally under the forest-tree; and through it all was as hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided spirituous liquors as I would avoid the poison of an asp. The horrors which I saw there from the drinking of spirits were enough to make a man of the least sense sober. The extent to which spirit-drinking was carried may be judged of by the unexampled fact that one year during my stay £900,000 was paid for duty on spirits alone, and that for a population of only 250,000 souls! Well, then, I think I have a claim to recommend to my fellow-workmen abstinence from beer, spirits, and tobacco, as the great copartner—as the very right hand of co-operation. They are all poisoners of the blood; they are all burnt-offerings unto death; they are all destroyers of the bottom of the pocket; and, what is worse, destroyers of the peace of families, the constitutions of men, the domestic comfort and virtue of women, the physical stamina and the very life of children. They slay the morals of society, the intellects and the souls of men. As I read daily the police reports and the proceedings of our criminal courts, I trace the wide-spread pestilence of spirits, beer, and tobacco in almost every outrage and misery. All these inflame the passions or becloud the intellect, they originate robbery of masters, and robbery of all kinds. They strip their practicers of health, clothes, morals, and sanity; they convert them into madmen and devils. They fire the brain with frenzy, and arm the hand with bludgeons and knives against their own wives and children. The great bulk of the crimes and calamities of society flow from the tap and the spigot. By this indulgence—surely the most marvelous of infatuations!—an absurd appetite "set on fire of hell," the people encourage the Government to plunder them most cruelly, in the shape of excise duties. To furnish the Government with this duty, our working millions abandon every duty of their own. They set up over themselves a most terrible tyranny. They keep open gin-shops at every corner, even on Sunday evenings, when book-shops and simple refreshment-rooms are not allowed to be open.

The Prince of Wales.—The Prince of Wales, the hope of the country, gave in his last year's excursion to America a signal proof, under very difficult circumstances, of a tact and discretion far beyond his years. He is now standing on the very threshold of manhood, and will, thanks to the skillful and vigilant management of his father, enter into an enjoyment of an income of £50,000 a year, and half a million of ready money from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. A position so brilliant, an income so ample, a destiny so splendid, and a character so attractive, will not fail to draw round the Prince a crowd of persons of his own age, all wishing to conciliate his favor, all eager to offer advice, all ready to find him employment and amusement. We sincerely trust that her Majesty, so superior in most respects to the other sovereigns of her race, will also prove her superiority to them by regarding any influence which may interpose itself between her and the confidence of her son as a sinister and ill-omened intrusion, boding nothing but evil to her and to him. We are sure she will feel, what any mother in a private station must feel, that of all the counsels that are offered him there are none which it is so desirable that he should follow as her own. A young and active mind naturally seeks for employment, and it is in the power of the Queen to provide for the Prince the most profitable and dignified employment in which he can be engaged, by associating him with her as much as possible in the cares and duties of government. The Prince is rapidly attaining an age which entitles him to the confidence of his parent, and there is no way so sure to retain him by her side as to make him feel that there is no wish to keep him back, but that, on the contrary, the duties of his high station only await his readiness and his ability to discharge them. We have no reason to doubt that in this, as in all other circumstances of her life, her Majesty will show that elevation of mind and that soundness of judgment which have taught her people to feel so deeply and acknowledge so affectionately that the destinies of England have always been safe in her hands.—*London Times.*

It has finally been determined that the Prince of Wales, for the completion of his education, shall, as soon as convenient, commence his tour to the Holy Land and the other historical localities of the East.

Dr. Livingstone.—The correspondent of *The Morning Star*, writing from Cape Town on Nov. 21, says: "There is no recent intelligence from the Zambesi expedition under Dr. Livingstone. Two missionaries connected with the University Mission, Messrs. Burrup and Hawkins, left Cape Town a few days ago for the Zambesi. They were accompanied by Mr. Rae, the engineer attached to Dr. Livingstone's party, and also by Rev. J. Stewart of the Free Church of Scotland. I understand that the latter gentleman will make an independent inquiry into the state of the country bordering the Zambesi, and its aptitude for missionary work, and will report thereon to the next General Assembly at Edinburgh."

Bartholomew's Day.—On Bartholomew's Day, 1662, the Nonconformists in London, when silenced in the pulpit and shut out from their places of worship, circulated extensively the writings of Barrowe, Greenwood, and Penry; we cannot do better than follow their example. "Divers ministers," writes Kennett, Aug. 24, 1662, "who in the late broken times were possessed of benefices in and about London, having refused to conform to the Church of England according to law established, did this day of St. Bartholomew leave their flocks. But their respective churches, through the care and prudence of the most worthy diocesan, were fully supplied by divers very eminent for their learning and good conversation, to the great satisfaction of many good Christians, though a few fanatics (raked together from both sides of London Bridge) labored to disturb the ministers in one or two churches, whereof themselves have small reason to glory, and may have less hereafter." So it is that a persecuting spirit blends and hardens at the same time. We are looking for a resurrection of names in 1862 which shall be in its degree an anticipation of the final Judgment. Many that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.—*London Patriot.*

Spain.—The Secretary of the Protestant Alliance has this week received information from Spain that Matamoras and Alhama have been sentenced to seven years of the galleys, and Trigo to four years of the same. There will be an appeal from the sentence, but it is feared it will be in vain. They had been previously tried and acquitted of alleged political offenses, so that the present sentences are solely for reading the Word of God.

Beggars in Edinburgh.—At Geneva, Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh spoke concerning ragged schools. He said that when the ragged schools began in Ediaburgh the city was full of beggars; now there is not one. When they began there were in the prisons of Edinburgh five children under the age of sixteen out of every hundred incarcerated. Now there is only one in every two hundred, or, as he facetiously stated it, to every hundred prisoners, only half a one!

An Australian Banquet.—A banquet of a novel character has been held in Melbourne. Some time since, an acclimatization society was set on foot by Mr. Edward Wilson, who has effected so much in the way of introducing foreign animals, game, singing-birds, etc., into Victoria. The members of the society have had an experimental dinner, at which were served up many of the native animals, birds, and fishes. The bill of fare comprised kangaroo, wallaby, wombat, bandicoot, opossum, and porcupine, among the animals; black swan, wild turkey, paroquet, water-hens, and wattle-birds, among the fowl; and most of the fish of the Australian seas and fresh waters.

Ages of the Titled.—We find from "Who's Who in 1862" that the oldest duke is the Duke of Cleveland, whose age is 73, the youngest is the Duke of Norfolk, aged 14; the oldest marquis is the Marquis of Lansdowne, 81, the youngest the Marquis of Ely, 12; the oldest earl is the Earl of Charlemont, 86, the youngest the Earl of Charleville, 9; the oldest viscount is Viscount Combermere, 88, the youngest Viscount Downe, 17; the oldest baron is Lord Sinclair, 93, the youngest Lord Rossmore, 10; the oldest archbishop is the Archbishop of Armagh, 88, the youngest the Archbishop of York, 67; the oldest bishop is the Bishop of Exeter, 84, the youngest the Bishop of Glocester and Bristol, 42; the oldest colonial bishop is the Bishop of Toronto, 82, the youngest the Bishop of Madras, 41; the oldest privy councilor is Lord Lyndhurst, 89, the youngest Earl Spencer, 26; the oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir Charles M. Burrell (the member for Shoreham,) 87, the youngest Mr. R. A. Vyner, (the member for Ripon,) 22; the oldest judge in England is Dr. Lushington, 79, the youngest Mr. Baron Wilde, 45; the oldest judge in Ireland is Chief-Justice Lefroy, 85, the youngest Mr. Justice Keogh, 44; the oldest judge in Scotland is Lord Wood, 73, the youngest the Lord Chief-Justice Clerk, 51; the oldest baronet is Sir Tatton Sykes, 89, the youngest Sir Grenville L. J. Temple, 3; the oldest knight is General Sir James L. Caldwell, G.C.B., 91, the youngest Sir Charles T. Bright, 29.

Naval and Military Preparations.—Never since the Russian war have the naval dock-yards presented such a scene of activity. Gun-boats are being completed as rapidly as possible for the defense of the Mersey and the Scotch and Irish coasts. The Warrior, iron frigate, has hauled off in the stream in Portsmouth harbor, where she will be kept in readiness, pending the solution of the American question. The whole of the resources of the smitheries at Chatham dock-yard are being taxed to their utmost to provide the necessary iron work, and to keep pace with the progress of the several ships fitting for commission at that port. The iron screw frigate Achilles, 50, is being pushed forward, and the Defense, 22, iron steamer, will, it is believed, be ready in about three weeks. The workmen at the dock-yard at Pembroke are most actively employed in pushing forward the construction of the various men-of-war now on the slips. The Blenheim, 60 gun guard-ship, stationed off the yard, has received orders to be ready for any emergency, and to be able to put to sea at the shortest notice.

Lord Elgin to India.—Lord Elgin is forthwith to be on the wing for India. It is curious to observe how, in the course of Providence, services and honors are heaped on some men. The name of his lordship is inscribed on the historic page of Canada, where his doings will be read with pleasure by future generations. Twice he has proceeded to China as the representative of her Britannic Majesty, where he completed a treaty which promises to be fraught with incalculable benefit both to commerce and religion. He now repairs to India to exercise viceregal sway over the greatest empire on earth next to China. The appointment is one which will give public satisfaction. The noble earl has fairly established his claim to general confidence, and his experience eminently fits him for this most distinguished service.

Reform of Indian Laws.—*The Gazette* states that her Majesty has appointed Sir John Romilly, Sir William Erle, Sir Edward Ryan, the Right Hon. Robert Lowe, Sir James Shaw Willes, and John Macpherson Macleod, Esq., "to be her Majesty's Commissioners for preparing a body of substantive law for India, and for considering and reporting on such other matters in relation to the reform of the laws of India as may be referred to the said Commissioners by her Majesty's Secretary of State for India."

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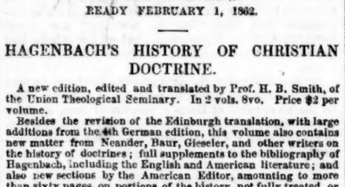
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General News.

THE WAR.

At the furthest right of the Union line, the Kansas expedition is still gathering. Some excitement has been caused by a sudden General Order from Gen. Hunter, announcing that he and not Lane was to head the expedition. What is the truth on the subject does not yet appear; there is evidently material for a "very pretty quarrel as it stands," among the military gentlemen there.

Slow and difficult advances are continued toward Price, who lies still at Springfield, apparently not at all dismayed by the march of his foes under Curtis, and Sigel, and Davis, and Turner, from different points.

Opothle-oholo, the loyal Creek war-chief, had an interview with Gen. Hunter at Leavenworth, on the 23d of Jan. The brave old fellow has led 6,000 loyal Indians to the south of Kansas, where they are receiving supplies. They did not leave their own territory until their ammunition was exhausted, having three times beaten off desperate attacks by rebel Indians and white men.

Col. Deitzler, 1st Kansas Volunteers, being annoyed by guerrilla firing on the march, has picked up a few secessionists, and advertises to shoot "at least five" of them for every soldier shot by the guerrillas. He expects a safe march now.

At Cairo, we hear of preparations for a great expedition of some kind, but there is no information indicating time or direction. Some of the mortars for the flotilla are at last shipped from Pittsburg, and are to be placed on the boats as soon as possible.

We have no information yet which enables us to say whether Gen. Smith's column, which left Paducah along with the reconnoissance from Cairo, and which certainly reached the neighborhood of Fort Henry on the Tennessee River south of the state line, did really attack the fort and stay in those parts, or returned home again to Paducah. Certainly various reports from Nashville indicate great perturbation among the rebels there.

We find nothing of any significance from Gen. Buell's force of 130,000 men or thereabouts. It is hardly credible that a general can have so many men under him and be so still about it. From him, as from Gen. Smith, the most that we get is a report by way of the rebel papers, that 15,000 Federals crossed Green River in one day, Jan. 25th, and that more were to follow. We also hear that the rebels are fairly flaying Southern Kentucky, burning, robbing, and destroying in the most barbarous manner; a course which very strongly indicates a conviction that their time is short. So may it be. And the military silence which hangs over the department of Kentucky permits the constant hope of hearing that Thomas and Schoepff are pushing through the door that Zollicoffer left open for Knoxville and the railroads.

So confident are the rebels, it is reported, that the state of the country will keep McClellan still, that they have sent many regiments from their great fort at Manassas, somewhere; but where? Vessels go up and down the Potomac apparently without risk, certainly without harm.

At Fortress Monroe there is no movement yet. But reports are thickening that the great iron-plated steamer Merrimac is launched, afloat, and all ready to run the blockade, and may do so any fine night, confident of her ability to batter all our fleet there to pieces, herself unharmed. And it is also said that her consort the Yorktown will try the same game at the same time. An attack has been expected by our force at Newport's News, which has been sleeping on its arms; and refugees bring information of much more agitation at Norfolk and Richmond and Yorktown, where all sorts of attacks are incessantly expected, and where lately an exchanged prisoner was so carefully prevented from bringing or seeing any newspapers, that it is believed they contained some information very disastrous to the rebellion.

Vessels passing along the North Carolina coast have heard various cannonades; among the reports from Norfolk is one of similar sounds heard there from the southward; but as to the source of them all, we only have the most unsatisfactory conjectures about movements by Burnside upon Roanoke Island, Newbern, and Beaufort. Burnside and Goldsborough, true men and energetic, daring and skillful commanders, have surely done something by this time, but what?

Reports from Sherman's and Dupont's force at Port Royal are, that bold but cautious night operations by the Federal engineers had after much toil removed the rebel obstructions in "Wall's Cut," an artificial but deep channel through the islands into the river out of reach of Pulaski on the north side, and that some other channels on the south side were in like manner relieved; that thirteen gun-boats thereupon coolly steamed up and occupied the river above Pulaski, between it and Savannah, and on the 29th of January drove back Tatnall and his fleet, with some cargoes of provisions for the fort; that the fort is now effectually invested, and will be taken by Sherman whenever he sees fit; and still further, that there is strong reason to suppose that Savannah itself can at any time be occupied by our troops.

We hear nothing at all of interest from Key West, Cedar Keys, Pickens, or Ship Island, except a contradiction of the report that Col. Brown would be obliged to give up his command by ill health.

It is believed in New Orleans that three Federal navy officers, disguised as oystermen, visited that city on January 8, and inspected matters and things very much at their leisure; one of them mailing a note to an acquaintance joking him on such a negligent watch, and promising an early call without disguises.

The Calhoun, a rebel privateer steamer, having burst her boiler, has been burnt by her commander along with a very valuable cargo in one of the harbors on the coast of Louisiana, to escape capture.

The rebel navy now includes the Sumter, said to be at Gibraltar, and for whom are cruising no less than eight of our vessels of war; the Nashville, at last accounts still at Southampton, with the Tuscarora outside waiting for her; the Merrimac, Yorktown, and Page, on the Potomac and Chesapeake; several small steamers on the waters of North Carolina; Tatnall's mosquito fleet at Savannah; a couple of tugs at Pensacola; a "ram" and two or three steamers (reported) at Mobile; the Florida and another steamer on Mississippi Sound; the Ivy, the old original "ram" of Hollins, and two or three steamers on the Mississippi; and, as is said, four gun-boats building near New Orleans. A very creditable navy, considering—but creditable to them, not to us.

Secretary Stanton has revoked and annulled all orders for purchases of military supplies in foreign countries, and directs that they shall all be supplied from our own factories at home. He has also decided to treat the privateersmen as prisoners of war, and those in our hands have accordingly been transferred from the civil prisons to Fort Lafayette.

Almost every yard of clothing and dollar of money which has been sent to our prisoners among the rebels has been stolen and used by the rebels themselves. There are no words in English, thank heaven, which can describe the moral quality of this action.

The accounts which reach us from within the precincts of the rebellion are increasingly gloomy for them, though some of the more jolly Mark Tapleys of its press seize the present moment as a glorious opportunity to "come out strong," and gayly anticipate independence, chivalry, niggers, and all sorts of other Christian privileges, while we at the North are to be confined exclusively to the "cultivation of codfish and potatoes."

But these gay and festive gentlemen are exceptions. Though there is really one feature upon the grim phiz of their present experience, in which their exultation is legitimate, and over which we can in charity rejoice with them. This is the introduction of several industries, such as the manufacture of clothing, shoes, salt, powder, etc. Railroads are also vigorously pushed, for military reasons.

But their utterances are, on the whole, melancholy.

A Charleston correspondent of *The Richmond Dispatch*, for instance, has been quaintly lamenting that the rebels did not steal a ready-made navy while their hands were in; and their papers scold or lament over the bad prospects of re-enlistment, their law forbidding to publish military news, the danger of a successful attack on Mobile and Savannah, and the general aspect of the vast circle of armed men, which is gathering so steadily and steadily all around them. They are undoubtedly arming and regimenting numbers of the slaves; specie grows scarcer and scarcer, and as thorough is the hoarding even of the bank bills of Louisiana, which are still good, that the State Bank at New Orleans received in $250,000 of currency just $25 of its own issues.

Mr. Memminger has invented a new money trap, so neat that it *must work*; "a new system of popular loans, which presents such extraordinary advantages for investment that it cannot fail to attract the attention, not only of capitalists," etc., etc. Yes; their "attention," but their cash?

A private letter, found in Zollicoffer's camp, from Jas. W. Gillespie of Knoxville, Dec. 31, 1861, says that a regiment, of which his correspondent wanted the colonelcy, was an undesirable one, being "composed of a Union element, except one company," and says:

"The Union party in East Tennessee is quiet at this time, and some think for ever crushed, but I am of a different opinion. We have large numbers of Lincolnites amongst us yet, who are only awaiting a safe opportunity to join their Northern friends."

Thus it is evident that the resolute mountain men still hold out, waiting for the gleam of Federal arms and the waving of the Federal banner. What an unutterable longing fills the heart at reading such facts, for the advance that shall relieve these noble martyrs of the nation!

But for the most remarkable of recent Southern phenomena is the address just issued by Toombs, Crawford, and Howell and T. R. R. Cobb, to the people of Georgia, on occasion of the approaching end of the "provisional government" of the rebels. This despairing groan of desperate traitors expecting death sums up their own miserable case as follows:

"1. The moderation of our own Government and the fanatical madness of our enemies have dispersed all differences of opinion among our people, and united them for ever in the war of independence. In a few border states a waning opposition is giving way before the stern logic of daily developing facts. The world's history does not give a parallel instance of a revolution based upon such unanimity among the people.

"2. Our enemy has exhibited an energy, a perseverance, and an amount of resources which we had hardly expected, and a disregard of Constitution and laws which we can hardly credit. The result of both, however, is that power which is the characteristic element of despotism, and renders it as formidable to its enemies as it is destructive to its subjects.

"3. An immense army has been organized for our destruction, which is being disciplined to the unthinking stolidity of regulars. With the exclusive possession of the seas, our enemy is enabled to throw upon the shores of every state the nucleus of an army. And the threat is made, and doubtless the attempt will follow in early spring, to crush us with a giant's grasp by a simultaneous movement along our entire borders.

"4. With whatever alacrity our people may rush to arms, and with whatever energy our Government may use its resources, we cannot expect to cope with our enemy either in numbers, equipments, or munitions of war. To provide against these odds we must look to desperate courage, unflinching daring, and universal self-sacrifice.

"5. The prospect of foreign interference is at least a remote one, and should not be relied on. If it comes, let it be only auxiliary to our own preparations for freedom. To our God and ourselves alone we should look."

Four such gigantic and ominous truths to that one first falsehood, and even that partly true! How often does the dying bed bring even the hardest and vilest criminal to a sense and confession of his wretched state! Thus it is now,—unless, indeed, the document be a forgery, for truly it is scarcely credible that it has in fact been issued as it purports to be. If genuine, it is most significant; and in connection with the indications of readiness to advance on our own side, is a most pregnant intimation that the end of the rebellion draweth nigh.

CONGRESS.

Nothing done yet to help the Treasury; and Secretary Chase has written a note to Mr. Spaulding of the Ways and Means, urging him to have the pending Treasury note bill passed, because, if it is not, the Treasury will be empty in a few days, and the banks will then refuse to receive Treasury notes. Meanwhile the secessionist Vallandigham made a long speech on Monday, the 3d, against the bill, trying to bankrupt the country if he can. Mr. Hooper of Mass. followed Vallandigham, in a strong argument in favor of the bill, which attracted much attention, as an exposition of the views of the Committee of Ways and Means. Much opposition is made to the legal tender provision, against which strong speeches have been made, among others, by Messrs. Morrill and Conkling; substitutes for the whole bill are announced; and there is danger that the country may be actually bankrupted in consequence of the boggling over this financial measure of a Congress full of men who mean well enough, but do not seem to know even the importance of doing something, if it is not the best possible thing.

Legislative action with reference to the war has not been of much significance. The joint rule for secret sessions has passed both Houses. Imagine a secret session on war measures, with Vallandigham in the House and Bright in the Senate! The House, by 113 to 28, passed a bill permitting Government seizure and use of all railroads and telegraph lines in case of military necessity; and a few days afterwards the Judiciary Committee reported in favor of making all railroads which have had U. S. land grants carry U. S. troops and property free. The Senate, on the 31st, passed a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to strike from the pension roll the names of all persons who have joined or aided the rebels; and a bill, introduced by Senator Grimes, providing that naval officers shall inspect all vessels to be used as transports by the War Department.

The investigation business seems not yet to bring forth much fruit. The hospital service was ventilated on the 30th, in a very significant debate, the medical staff receiving a terrific scoring, without finding a single defender in the Senate. Mr. Wilson asserted that in the hospital at Alexandria, sick soldiers had actually been driven by starvation to eat out of the swill-tubs, and he and Mr. Hale both charged that a chief source of the difficulty was the routine of promotion by seniority, which placed superannuated men in the highest posts, and secured blind adherence to the medicines and the practice of forty years ago. This debate closed by the passage of a resolution directing the committee on Military Affairs to investigate all the military hospitals.

The report of the Potter Investigating committee, on disloyal Government servants, as is said, was sold to *The Tribune* by the committee's clerk. *The Tribune* denies this; but it certainly was improperly published, and was afterwards ridiculously laid before the House all sealed up as if no one knew what was inside. Its effects will apparently be about deadened by the industrious wriggling and manipulations of the parties exposed and their friends, especially their female friends.

On the 31st, Mr. Fessenden caused to be submitted to the Government Contract Investigation committee, the astounding story of *The Chicago Tribune*, that one-third of Burnside's cartridges had no powder in them; the proper committees were directed to inquire into the expediency of placing all contractors under the military obligations of the rules and articles of war, so that they can be court-martialed and shot for fraud; also, how many regimental bands there are, and if they cannot be dispensed with. Secretary Chase was also asked to tell all about the contracts at New York for opening, examining, and delivering foreign goods, and the pay of the chief officers of the custom-house there. All of which investigations will do just as little good as they can be made to do by the arts of those interested.

Retrenchment fares no better than investigation. The bill to abolish franking hangs dead upon the Senate calendar, and Congress will doubtless humbug the country once more by letting the measure drop into the barathrum between the Houses. Sherman's Salary Retrenchment bill, which did not touch *his* salary, deserves death, and has it; besides, it is now charged that it retrenches economy instead of expenditure, and would increase the Government payments by many thousand dollars.

A measure related to the war, both in reference to economy and public feeling, was the bill to give $35,000 toward exhibitions by Americans at the English "World's Fair," next spring; which donation, after argument by Senators Sumner, in its favor, and Hale and Lane against it, was rejected by 17 to 22. In a similar and even more reasonable spirit, the Senate refused to print the "eulogies" on Senators Baker and Bingham, deceased, after a debate clearly exhibiting the uselessness of the custom.

In the House, on the 29th, Mr. Gurley of Ohio made a furious attack on Gen. McClellan, urging action, and independent authority to the general of each department; and arguing that no man could command so large an army as ours. But next day his colleague, Cox, replied to him in a very keen and forcible speech, which pretty well punished Gurley; and the Army Appropriation bill, over which this passage-at-arms occurred, was passed in committee of the whole, and reported to the House.

Another noticeable debate on the war was one in committee of the whole on the Naval Appropriation bill, when, after the discursive practice of that committee, a strange debate came up, in which Mr. Kelly of Pa. lamented our utter lack of any national leadership; and Mr. Dunlap, following him, took the ground that it is not slavery which is the cause of the war, but the political ambition of Southern leaders; and he argued thence that it is not just to war upon slavery, and said that five Illinois regiments, becoming persuaded that such was in fact the actual purpose of the war, stacked arms, saying that they would fight only to put down the rebellion. This startling story was corroborated by Messrs. Menzies and Conkling, who heard it from Col. Logan, in command of those troops at the time.

The Bright debate in the Senate points toward expulsion, Senator Johnson having made a most powerful and affecting speech for the measure, Senator Foster of Connecticut having concluded to vote a loyal vote on the question, Messrs. Browning, Dixon, and Doolittle all speaking in favor of expulsion, and no headway being made by the feeble special pleading of the traitor on trial himself, or his advocate Saulsbury.

The Senate has passed the House bill prohibiting the coolie trade; so that that branch of the slave-traffic will doubtless be made illegal for American ships.

Information is to be collected for the Senate as to what can be done toward governmental cultivation of South Carolina lands, and support and employment of negroes there; and for the House, on the propriety of prohibiting for the present the exportation of ship timber, of which we are furnishing the British Government vast quantities.

Mr. Henderson was sworn in, on the 29th, as Senator from Missouri; the House Election committee reported, on the 30th, that Mr. Upton, claiming to be a member from the 7th Virginia district, was not entitled to a seat, having in fact had no votes, but only certificates that certain persons would have voted for him if they could.

There was a difference between the Houses on the Consular Appropriation bill, on the question whether or no consuls should be sent to Liberia and Hayti. Senator Sumner, however, on the 4th, reported a bill to appoint a commissioner and consul-general to Liberia and one to Hayti. This officer is of high diplomatic rank, next below an ambassador. Hayti stands as about the twentieth in the list of seventy nations with whom we trade.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A "Democratic" convention held at Indianapolis on the 8th of January turns out to have been almost openly secessionist, to the profound disgust of nearly all the masses of that party in the state.

Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Herald Bennett are said to correspond vigorously on politics and other things; Henry Wikoff being their go-between.

G. R. Hoffman, near Effingham station, on the Illinois Central Road, three years ago received some coffee-seeds from a son in Australia, planted them, the second year got a few berries, and the past year two bushels, being at the rate of 30 bushels an acre. The coffee is similar to Rio. The State Agricultural Society offers premiums of $50 and $25 for the best 500 and 50 pounds.

Donald McKay of Boston has contracted to supply to the British Government white oak and hard pine ship timber, and has 1,600 tuns ready to ship. Our live-oak lands are cut off; we need this timber for the navy; the British Government has stopped our military supplies. Pray let our Government stop theirs.

Martin Luther's wedding-ring is on exhibition at Ball, Black & Co.'s; a heavy gold ring, with ecclesiastical emblems, well preserved, authenticated, and dated on the wedding-day, June 25, 1525.

The Constitutional Convention now sitting at Wheeling, for the new state of Kanawha, is divided on the question whether to have a plan of emancipation in their new state. If they retain slavery, they have very little prospect of being admitted into the Union.

The Government is directly supporting two secessionists, A. E. Burr, editor of the notorious *Hartford Times*, being one of them, by paying them a heavy rent for the post office in that city, Postmaster Cleveland being in league with them.

There is a great strife in the papers over the legal tender clause of the hundred million Treasury note project now before the House of Representatives. It is argued with force on one side, that to make this paper a legal tender is to proclaim Government bankruptcy, prostrate our public and private finances, and legislate a dishonest and impossible falsehood; on the other side, that it has been done by England, is justifiable and necessary, and is only a means of using Government credit, with notes which will be paid in coin before long.

Mr. Seward has authoritatively discontinued the shameful practice of making the U. S. jail, in the District of Columbia, a slave-pen, at the discretion of owners. Marshal Lamon can no longer keep slaves there unlawfully.

It turns out that Cameron has had $39,000,000 worth of Springfield rifled muskets contracted for, which cannot be delivered for about a year.

Taylor, titular Governor of North Carolina, has calculated that Burnside's expedition will have at least two congressional districts in that state freed by February 22; and he has accordingly issued a proclamation for elections of members of Congress there on that day.

FOREIGN.

In Mexico a tax of two per cent. on all capitalists rated at over $300 has been imposed. The quotas from the various states are said to be more than full, and three armies of 22,000 in all, and 100 guns, are advancing toward Vera Cruz. The allies are said to be convinced that their force is too small, to be quarreling and falling sick, and their enterprise just now has an unhappy complexion.

The Great Eastern is being fitted with new paddle-wheels. The report that she was to be made a bath-house is untrue.

Torre del Greco, a town of 22,000 inhabitants, is being shattered and buried by the earthquakes, ashes, and sulphurous exhalations of Vesuvius. Nearly all its inhabitants have already fled.

The report that Nena Sahib has been seized is confirmed. He was caught at Kurrachee, on the west coast, trying to embark for Zanzibar or Muscat.

A party sent in search of Burke's exploring expedition, which was sent across the Australian desert, found its sole survivor living among some savages at Cooper's Creek, more than half-way back. The expedition had succeeded in reaching the great northern Gulf of Carpentaria, but all the others had perished of exhaustion at Cooper's Creek on their return.

Sir James Brooke, the adventurous Englishman who has made himself Rajah of Sarawak, a little kingdom on the west coast of Borneo, has found coal, antimony, and other minerals on the coast, and has succeeded in establishing his royal authority upon a basis which promises permanent peace and prosperity to his new kingdom.

In the Straits of Malacca, 50,000 cotton plants are doing well, from seed sent out by the Manchester Cotton Supply Association, with every prospect of a good crop.

Russia is doing a great work in her recent acquisition, the valley of the Amoor. Government scientific and exploring expeditions have examined the country; trade is rapidly increasing both with the Chinese and the Americans, a number of the latter, steam-boats and all, being established on the river; several towns have sprung up on its banks, and the Russian telegraph system is rapidly pushing through Siberia toward the Pacific; many mineral, vegetable, and animal products are being brought into the channels of trade; and lastly, the great islands of Saghalien, as large as Pennsylvania, and of Jesso, as large as New England, and the smaller one of Tzusima, about twelve by fifty miles, have been occupied, give the Czar substantially the means of controlling not only the seas of Japan, but the whole North Pacific.

Mr. Urquhart has made an ingenious argument to prove that Lord Palmerston poisoned Prince Albert, intending afterwards to drive the Queen to abdicate, so that he could have a clear road to take possession of the Prince of Wales, and secure a war against the United States. Nice suspicions those ultra-honorable English statesmen have of each other!

The English papers are publishing significant warnings to Mason and Slidell not to visit Barclay & Perkins' brewery. It will be remembered that the workmen there bestowed a fearful tousling on the Austrian woman-whipper, Marshal Haynau.

Pickett, rebel diplomatist in Mexico, for slapping the face of an American who denounced Jeff. Davis, was imprisoned, and remains so; his diplomatic character being promptly ignored by the Mexicans.

The Queen has invested Lord Lyons with the Order of the Bath, in token of his diplomatic ability and success in the Trent case.

Carl Schurz, our Minister to Madrid, but according to European theories a political criminal absconded from Prussia, and peculiarly obnoxious to her Government, desires to travel through his native Rhine Provinces of Prussia; and the Prussian Minister of the interior, Graf von Schwerin, has honorably and liberally ordered that he be permitted to do so without molestation.

Commercial and Financial.

MAYOR OPDYKE ON GOVERNMENT FINANCIERING.

We have nowhere seen, in any newspaper, pamphlet, letter, or speech, more clear, intelligent, and practical reasonings in regard to Government financiering, than are found in the late communication of Mayor Opdyke to Secretary Chase. Our readers, who have seen that document, need not be told that his Honor has expressed our views to the letter—views which we have for months advocated, and for which we have been dealt with in some quarters most severely. We were aware, at an early period in these financial discussions, that all the old *theorists* in the nation, who have ciphered out to a fraction just what they would have done in all past exigencies in the world's history,—that these wise men would see "something awful" in any practical scheme which might now be advocated. Mayor Opdyke has presented the whole subject in plain English, and the people will understand him. The secular press throughout the country should lay this document in full before their readers. We regret that our limited space will not permit us to print it entire in these columns. The points made clear in Mayor Opdyke's letter are as follows:

1st, That Demand notes should be issued to the extent of $150,000,000.

2d, That they should be made a legal tender in all cases.

3d, That the measure is "indispensable to the maintenance of the credit and honor of the Government."

4th, That prompt action should be taken in the premises, otherwise there will be "difficulty in obtaining supplies for the army at any price."

5th, That the delay in Congress to act has already "depressed Government certificates eight or ten per cent."

6th, That the money to meet the floating debt of the Government cannot, in his opinion, be had in any other way.

7th, That to raise it by taxation would require too much time; by the sale of stocks would subject the nation to an immense loss—say 30 per cent.—as $100,000,000 are wanted immediately.

8th, That such a "measure is wise in itself, independent of its necessity, and that it will give us a better currency than we ever had before."

9th, That the Government, if necessary, as it is not, might with safety issue demand notes "to the extent of $20 *per capita*, without danger of ultimate debasement of the currency."

10th, That the only danger would be in transcending those limits.

11th, That an issue of $150,000,000, the amount required, "would give a healthy stimulus to business," and enable the community with "promptitude to pay their debts and the heavy taxes which await them."

12th, That such a currency would be a great benefit to the country, by equalizing exchanges. This advantage Mr. Opdyke justly says "can scarcely be overestimated," in view of the enormous amounts now paid and lost in the purchase of drafts for remittance to distant points.

13th, It would benefit and strengthen the banks by "increasing the value of all their assets, including Government Treasury notes and bonds" held by them.

14th, That "Great Britain sustained an almost uninterrupted war against Napoleon, for a quarter of a century, with no other money than paper made a legal tender, which was for most of that time nearly at par with specie."

15th, That the plan proposed "should be blended with liberal and prompt taxation;" and then his Honor closes, advising Mr. Chase to "urge upon Congress the absolute necessity of prompt action, for every day's delay is attended with grave danger to the public credit."

The whole case is so clearly presented by Mayor Opdyke in this letter, that every man, we think, will be convinced of the entire practicability of the measure; and we hope President Lincoln, Secretary Chase, members of Congress, politicians, Wall-street financiers, bank managers, and the people generally, will read, mark, and inwardly digest this able document.

LAKE SUPERIOR COPPER.

The copper-mining interests of Lake Superior are now in a most prosperous and satisfactory condition. This metal, which was selling a few months since as low as seventeen or eighteen cents per pound, is now held at twenty-eight, with a fair prospect of a still further advance, perhaps to thirty cents. This great change in price has not been caused by speculation or increased consumption, but by the non-receipt of the usual amount from Chili and one or two of the Southern states, leaving the whole market in the hands of the Lake Superior companies. The demand for American copper abroad is steadily increasing, as preference is given to it in almost all the European markets. Nearly all our brands are as well known in Paris and other large cities as in Boston. Early in the season very extensive shipments of copper were made to Europe in consequence of the low prices which ruled here at that time. Our Government has been a purchaser for a large amount, and this fact has probably influenced the market quite as much as foreign shipments. The entire product of the Lake Superior mines the past year, it is estimated, amounts to about seven thousand tuns, (valued at nearly $8,500,000,) while the total consumption of the whole country, including rebeldom, was about twelve thousand tuns.

The stock of copper on hand in all the Eastern markets is at present small, comparatively speaking, and it will not be increased before the opening of navigation in May and June next. The tariff will prevent large receipts from Europe which otherwise might be expected. The production of American copper the present year will be larger than ever before, in consequence of late improvements in machinery and the introduction of railways in the mines, to say nothing of the influence of present high prices. Some of the Lake Superior companies early in the year 1861 were compelled to make large sales in order to meet their engagements promptly, and relieve themselves from floating debts; but now, as far as we can learn, all are in an independent condition. We were lately informed by the treasurer, in Boston, of one of the largest of these corporations, that he had the money in hand to meet every liability which could be presented, with no outstanding paper in bank or elsewhere. The capitalists of Boston have made a large amount of money by their mining investments at Lake Superior; while those of New York have looked on, "afraid to embark in such a speculation." Very little copper-mine stock is held in this city, but a few of our moneyed men are beginning to see that such investments are profitable.

MONEY MARKET.

The market continues to work easier from the constant increase in the supply of money beyond the general want. Accounts are liquidating daily in greater degree than new ones are opening, and the mercantile discounts in banks have greatly contracted. Call and short loans can be obtained at 5 to 6 per cent. on unexceptionable collaterals, but fancy stocks inspire great distrust among capitalists, and a large margin is required from such securities. Mercantile paper of short date and prime grade is readily taken at 6 to 7 per cent.

The specie in bank was increased last week to $27,479,568. The loans fell to $144,673,778, of which from 75 to 80 millions are commercial. The deposits have fallen to $112,657,003, and the circulation to $6,404,951. The increase in specie in bank is light, considering that they only pay out notes—chiefly Treasury demand notes. The banks have been called on, and have paid the last installment, $3,509,000, on their subscriptions to the National Loan. The Treasury is now dependent on the action of Congress for fresh supplies.

Gold is at a premium of 3¾ to 3¾ per cent., at which large transactions daily take place. Many parties are anxious to place a portion of their funds in solid gold.

The export of gold is very moderate, only amounting to $300,000 in all last week. Foreign exchange is rather dull, but the rates are high. Quotations of sterling sixty-day bankers' bills are 113½ to 114, and commercial bills 112 to 113. Francs are 5.05 to 4.95. The imports for the week are again greater than the exports; besides an increase in the import of goods that pay no duty, such as cotton, but which help to turn the exchanges against us.

The following is the comparative statement of the exports (exclusive of specie) from the port of New York for the week ending January 28:

	1860.	1861.	1862.
For the week	$1,431,842	$2,765,740	$2,000,767
Previously reported	4,037,579	7,775,490	9,132,754
Since January 1	$5,469,421	$10,541,230	$11,222,421

The following are the comparative statements of the imports of foreign dry goods and general merchandise at the port of New York for the week ending Jan. 31 and since Jan. 1:

	1860.	1861.	1862.
Dry goods	$4,208,471	$3,100,165	$784,951
General Merchandise	2,450,667	1,298,467	2,113,812
Total for the week	$6,759,078	$4,398,632	$2,898,763
Previously reported	14,224,764	15,631,366	8,819,779
Since January 1	$20,983,842	$20,029,998	$11,718,542

Included in the preceding statement are the following dry goods imports:

	1860.	1861.	1862.
For the week	$4,208,471	$3,100,165	$784,951
Thrown on market	4,563,193	2,084,768	904,868
Since January 1			
Entered at the port	11,770,005	10,956,857	2,065,252
Thrown on market	12,001,098	5,964,478	3,853,040

While the imports of dry goods have greatly fallen off, those of general merchandise have greatly increased.

STOCKS.

The stock market has been much and unfavorably excited during the past week. All the speculative holders of stock are looking to Washington and to Congress for action in respect of the financial policy to be adopted, and the procrastination in regard to it has encouraged the formation of a clique to depress prices in opposition to the one united to carry them up.

A large amount of stock is held by parties looking for a general rise in prices to enable them to sell out; but the rise has attained its full growth, and there are symptoms of reaction. Prices fell considerably as compared with last week. United State 6's of 1881 are steady at 89, and bank stocks are also steady; but railway shares are weak and declining, while the bonds are strong and buoyant. The 7.30 Treasury notes are selling at 97⅜ @98.

The state of Pennsylvania commenced paying on Saturday the interest on her debt—giving gold to all who have demanded it. Until Congress acts upon the financial measures now before it, the market will be very tame and unsettled.

DRY GOODS.

The unsettled state of the Government finances depresses business, and is delaying the opening of the early spring trade. Jobbers do not like to buy at present, in view of so many disturbing influences. Goods are held at higher prices, which are now readily submitted to, and the average consumption is to be much reduced. Cotton is being more freely imported from Liverpool, and cannot be manufactured but with the certainty of a very high price of goods.

DOMESTIC GOODS.

The commission houses have opened their spring styles, but effect few sales, there being a great reluctance to buy, though a few leading houses have bought prints very freely. The new styles of prints are all of small or medium patterns. Black and white prints are very desirable. Staple cottons are very dull, but are firm, with an upward tendency in price. There are few goods exported, yet there is no accumulation of stock, and a scarcity of goods is anticipated. Drills are quiet. Woolens show more movement than cottons. There has been an opening this week of new styles of fancy cassimeres, of which there is a good assortment, which attracts buyers. Army goods are firmer. Delaines of new styles are being shown, and sell freely. Blues are the most in vogue. Prices are steady. Cloths are high in price, blues especially, from the very high price of indigo. Cloakings are desirable, and are being manufactured to order.

FOREIGN GOODS.

British spring goods, of new and old importation, are being shown. The advance in domestic goods benefits the foreign, so as to enable them to come forward and pay the increased duties, and this will be the case with increased force on the demand note currency becoming legal tender. Some of our leading houses have sent out buyers to England to take advantage of this. English dress goods are in good request, but are well held. A good portion of the stock has gone into the hands of speculators. Linens are coming forward more freely since the advance in price. Saxony dress goods are also being offered in greater quantities. Low-priced black cloths and fancy cassimeres are much wanted. Most of the importers sell only for cash. A few only give six to eight months' credit. The importers, having to remit in gold or in exchange at rates raised in consequence of the premium on gold, ask higher prices for their goods, which the increasing scarcity of all products of the loom enables them to get.

Trade is not expected to be heavy during the coming months, although a moderate increase in the import of British and German goods is expected. French silks and dress goods generally suffer most, as being of high cost; but the stock is very limited, and prices are rather better.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

Wednesday, Feb. 5, 1862.

About 1,000 head beeves, detained by the snow and ice on the railroads, which were bought and shipped for last week's market, have arrived since then, and been sold from day to day in retail lots. The total receipts since Wednesday last up to last evening were some 3,300 head, leaving 2,300 in market yesterday, and several droves are detained this week, which are expected some time during to-day. The stock this week is generally of common quality—rough oxen and half-fat steers—really good bullocks being quite scarce, and commanding very full prices. We quote best quality at 8 to 9c.; ordinary to fair do. at 6¼ to 7¾c., and common to inferior at 5½ to 6c. There is no essential change in milch cows, veals, or sheep and lambs. Hogs continue very abundant, and easier prices are accepted. We quote Western dressed at $4, and city do. at $4 20 to $4 25.

REVIEW OF THE MARKET.

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

Ashes.—The inquiry has been moderate, but prices have ruled steady at $6 37½ for Pots, and $6 25 for Pearls.

Coffee.—Rio has been in very limited demand, but the market is very firm. Sales of only 600 bags at 19@20c. Other descriptions are also quiet, and prices are nominally the same. Sales of 300 bags Santos at 22½@24c.; 50 do. Java at 26c.; 250 bags St. Domingo at 19¾@20c.; 350 do Maracaibo at 22@24c.; and 150 mats Java at 26@26½c.

Corn.—In Indian Corn we have had considerable variableness, and only a moderate and local and limited shipping demand; the variable character of the news from Europe, the liberal arrivals of new Southern, etc., and fluctuations in freights, have produced considerable irregularity and unsettled the market; at the close prices tended upward; the sales of the week are 215,700 bush., and the receipts 45,970.

Cotton.—The demand throughout the week has been very limited, and the unfavorable news received from Europe has had a depressing tendency. Prices at the close are heavy. We quote as basis 30c. for Middling Uplands, but this is merely nominal.

Flour.—The heaviness and irregularity in Western Canal Flour which distinguished the market the week prior to our last, continued with increased depression (owing to the unfavorable character of the foreign news) until the arrival of the Anglo-Saxon, when a better feeling prevailed, her advices proving more encouraging, and the subsequent advices per Africa gave a decided impulse to the market—the orders by her being liberal both from the Continent and Great Britain; and with rather more inquiry for the West Indies and the trade, the competition between buyers has increased. The limited arrivals, the absence of a desirable assortment of shipping brands, and a further decline in freights, have largely contributed to the reaction. Our exports have been liberal, in excess of our receipts, and estimating our weekly consumption at 56,000 bbls., it is safe to assume fully that reduction in our stock, leaving us with a very moderate supply to meet the growing wants of the local and export trade. Prices of the low and medium grades have improved 15 to 20c. ₱ bbl., with, however, some irregularity in the sales, but the tendency is still to higher rates. Canadian Flour has been influenced by the same causes as Western brands, and with limited arrivals and a stock almost exhausted, the market closes with an upward tendency. Southern Flour has ruled comparatively quiet, and has varied but slightly. The arrivals have been almost equal to the sales, but the stock of good brands is very limited, and holders evince much confidence at the close. The sales of the week are 70,980 bbls., and the receipts are 58,419 bbls. Rye Flour has been in fair demand and is steady. Corn Meal is without quotable change and in moderate request.

Freights.—The offerings of Breadstuffs have been more liberal, but at lower and very irregular rates. The rapid advance in Flour and Wheat checked shipments, and at the close the rates to Great Britain were nominal, the tunnage being quite out of proportion to the supply of breadstuffs. To Liverpool, Flour, 2/1½@2/6d.; Wheat, 7½@8d.; Corn, 6½@7d.; and Heavy Goods, 22/6d.@30/. To London, Flour, 2/7½@2/9d.; Wheat, 8@8½d.; Heavy Goods, 27/6d.@35/.

Gunny Bags are firm and in good request; sales of 1,300 bales in Boston at 14c. cash.

Gunny Cloth is less active, but is firmly held at 12½c. cash.

Hops.—The market is rather quiet but steady. Sales of 570 bales New at 17 to 22c.

Lath are in light supply, and are dull and nominal.

Lead.—The market is dull and not quite so firm, though not quotably lower. Sales of 50 tuns English at $7 cash. Bar, Sheet, and Pipe are steady at 8 to 8½c.

Lime.—The market is dull and slightly lower for Common Rockland; sales 800 bbls. at 80c. cash.

Lumber.—The supply is limited, but the market is dull, and prices are nominal.

Molasses.—The market is very dull, and the sales are only to supply immediate wants. The transactions include Boilcakes at 32@35c.; Cuba Muscovado at 24@27c.; Porto Rico at 32 to 40c.; and New Orleans at 42 to 50c.

Provisions.—Our Pork market the past week has been quite active, the demand largely speculative, mainly for forward delivery, and confined to New Mess, for this and the spring months, and at a further improvement in prices, that for the future commanding $25c. per bbl. over the present rates.

Prime Mess is without much change, but has sold more freely, notwithstanding the unfavorable news from Europe. The demand has not been very spirited, and for delivery this month.

Tierce Beef has improved slightly, is in diminished supply, and has been inquired after; the decline in freights and advance in exchange giving sellers the advantage. We hear of sales of 250 tcs. Prime Mess at $21; 300 tcs. India Mess at $24@$24 25, in part to arrive, and small lots of India (City) on private terms.

Bacon has been freely offered, and with very unfavorable news from Europe prices have declined ¼@¾c. at the reduction: there is more inquiry and more firmness at the close—the sales are 9,500 loxes, in part for the future.

Cut Meats have been in limited demand for shipment, and are without much change. The supply is very large.

Lard continues to be freely offered and has fluctuated somewhat. The unfavorable news from Europe early in the week caused prices to again decline; since then, with a further decline in freights and an advance in exchange, the market has partially recovered, and closes firm.

Butter has ruled quiet, and prices are without much change.

Cheese has been in limited demand, and prices favor the buyer at the close.

Rice.—The demand has been fair and prices are very firm. Sales of 1,500 bags Rangoon at 5¾ to 6¾c.; 50 tcs. do. at 6c.; and 200 tcs. Carolina at 7 to 7¾c.

Sugars.—The demand has been very limited, and prices are ¼ to ⅜c. per pound lower than at the date of our last. The transactions embrace about 1,000 hhds. Cuba at